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The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE SOCIETY
GOSSIP GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

1/-

THIS WEEK'S SENSATION:
The Confessions (uncensored) of "EDDIE" TATHAM

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Telegrams: "OTELOTTI, PARIS 81."

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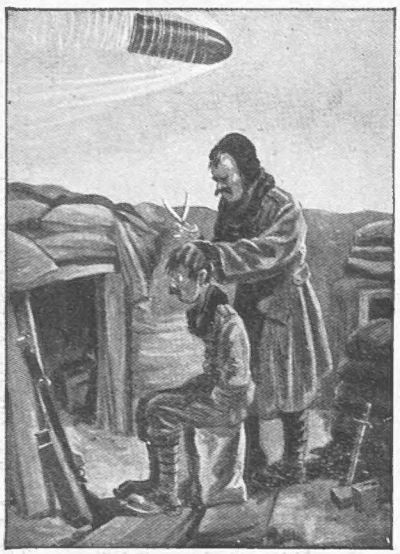
BAIRNSFATHER'S FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE



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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

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Antwerp.—Century Hotel.—600 rooms with bath. Roof garden. Theatre. Rest. Dancing Chantilly. Telegrams: Centurotel.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegr.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Bruges.—Hotel de Flandre & Restaurant.—First-class comforts in old-world surroundings. Garden restaurant.

Brussels.—Hotel de Bordeaux.—Moderate charges. First-class family hotel.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—On sea front. From 10/- day. Tel. address: Palace, Knocke.

Spa.—Gd. Hotel Britannique.—The latest; All rooms with telephone, bath or running water. Tennis; garage; near Thermal Est.

FRANCE.

Amiens (Somme).—Grand Hotel & Restaurant Picardie.—Entirely new. First class. A model of comfort. A.A R.A.C.

Bagnoles de l'Orne.—Le Grand Hotel.—In the heart of fairy woodlands. Special entertainments for clients taking baths.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest-class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev. rm. V.lge. garden.

Granville.—Hotel Normandy.—150 rooms with baths. Facing sea, near Casino, Beach and Golf. From 85 francs.

FRANCE—*continued*

Hyères.—Costebelle Hotels.—Open all year. Golf. Tennis. Croquet. Sea bathing. Swim. pool. Diving Stage. Water-chute. Reduced summer terms from 45 frs.

Juan-les-Pins (A.M.)—"Le Provencal."—Europe's most distinguished hotel. Open all the sunny year round. Casino.

Le Touquet.—Golf Hotel.—Facing the links. 200 Bedrooms. 100 Bathrooms. Private Tennis and Squash Rackets.

Le Touquet—Hotel Regina.—In pine forest near Casino. 5 min. from sea and golf. Large park; 1st class; moderate.

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Amsterdam.—Amstel Hotel.—Unrivalled situation with every comfort. Rooms from 5 guilders per day.

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PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

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Patronised by Royalty and the Court.

The Heart of Highland Scenery, standing 1,150 feet above sea level.
Every comfort—every luxury—perfect service.
Orchestra as from July 1st.
Highland and Ballroom Dancing.

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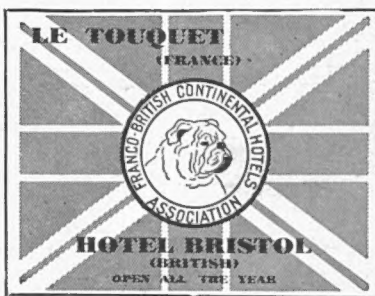
CONTINENTAL HOTELS



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The most charming resort on the Emerald Coast. Golf (18 holes), Tennis, Fishing, Fine Water Toboggan. The favourite hotel of English Society. Right on the Beach. 50 Baths. Dancing. **THE ROYAL BELLEVUE.** From 10/- in June, July and September. From 13/- in August.

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HOTEL OCEANIC

Overlooking Beach and Bay of Royan

150 Rooms. 110 Baths. Finest Cuisine and Service.

Inclusive from 70 Frs.

Management - - F. L. HERREBOUDT.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—Continued.

MONACO (Principality).

Monte Carlo.—Gd. Hotel Terminus.—Opp. Casino. Gdns. & Beach, 1st cl., Pens. fr. Frs.60, with bath Frs. 75, with suite Frs. 100.

Wiesbaden.—GERMANY.

Schwarzer Bock.—The best renowned hotel and bath house. Kochbrunnen. 280 beds. All comfort. Pension Mk.9.—up.

JERSEY.

Links Hotel.—Facing South on Royal Golf Course. Every luxury. Bathing, Tennis, Garden, Garage.

JERSEY—*continued*

St. Helier.—Star Hotel.—An old English hotel. Electric light, with H. & C. rng. water all rooms. Apply for booklet.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel.—1st. cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water. Priv. bathroom. Incl. terms, Fr. 13 to 18.

Spiez, Park Hotel.—Up-to-date throughout. Ext. Cooking. Park 8 acres. Marvellous Scenery. Rooms w. r. water & pens. from 11 Sh.

The Bystander, August 10, 1932

No. 1495. Vol. CXV.

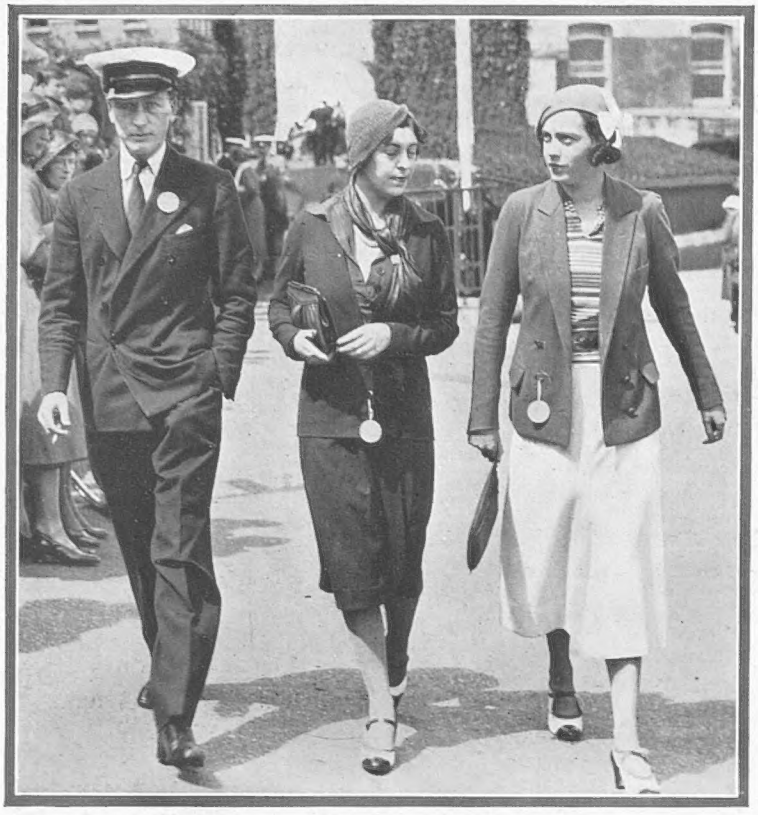
The BYSTANDER

Janet Jevons

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOURO AND LADY ANNE WELLESLEY

New portraits of Lady Anne Wellesley, and (inset) her mother, the Marchioness of Douro. Lady Douro, Lord Glentanar's sister, is the wife of the Duke of Wellington's eldest son. Lady Anne Wellesley, who is twenty-two, is her only daughter, and one of the most attractive members of the younger set

The Camera at Cowes



Sir John Milbanke, Mrs. Peter Thursby, and Lady Milbanke near the landing stage of the Royal Yacht Squadron. They were staying with Mrs. Thursby's parents, Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring, at Nubia House

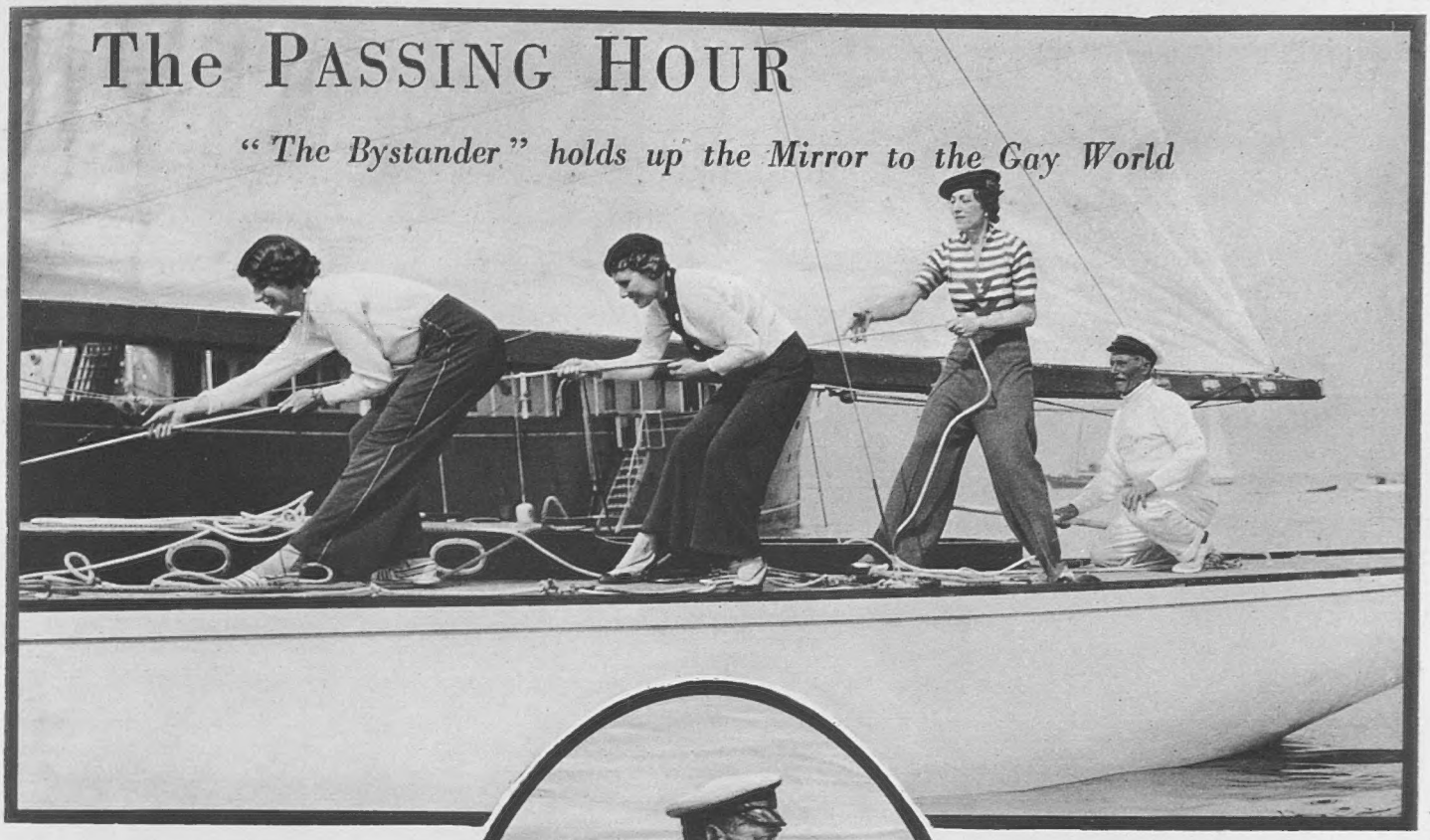
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Balfour Go Shopping

Mrs. Aspinall-Oglander working her passage on Mr. Andreae's Candida, when it won the race for big yachts by nearly forty-five minutes in the Royal Southampton Yacht Club Regatta

Above are Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Balfour, who were staying on the Fantôme with the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness, and below are Lady Bridget Poulett, Lord Poulett (second from right), and Miss Helen McCann on the Parade, leaving the Squadron Gardens

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World



Mr. E. T. Peel's Suzette II. was third in the race for 8-metre yachts on the first day of the R.Y.S. regatta. Above are Mrs. Piers Plowden, Miss Y. Tomlin and Mrs. E. T. Peel, wife of the owner, hauling up the mainsheet

A Long Pull and a Strong Pull

A SURPRISING number of people are still in London, despite Cowes and the South of France, and the fact that the omnibuses are running along Pall Mall—sure sign that the official season is as dead as a doorknob. It is easy still to flush celebrities at the Ritz before luncheon, at the Café de Paris on Wednesdays, and at Quaglino's, and at the Savoy grill every day of the week, even though the Embassy Club is closed, and Ciro's is only part open. What it will be like next week remains to be seen, but, at the moment, things are still quite gay.

AT the Café de Paris, the other night, the place was full of golfers like John de Forest, Boy Sheftel, who is going to be a reporter on a New York newspaper, and Bob Foster, who plays so often with the Prince of Wales. The latter, I hear, broke his journey to Thiepval the other day at Le Touquet and managed to get in a round of golf with Colonel Piers Legh, congratulating the secretary afterwards on the state of the course. Incidentally, he stayed at the Golf Hotel, which has been rather hit by the altered site of the club-house.

GOLFERS who go to the South of France this summer will find that, for the first time in its history, the Nice course at Cagnes-sur-Mer is keeping open. So is the Mougins course, and that at Baeuvallon, which gives you a choice, with La Turbie, of four courses, if you like to abandon the rocks of Antibes and smite a golf ball in the blazing sunshine.

H.M. the King working with his crew on the Britannia. In the race for His Majesty's Cup last week, Britannia was second, by the narrow margin of 39 seconds, to Mr. Sopwith's Shamrock V., but won races on Monday and Thursday

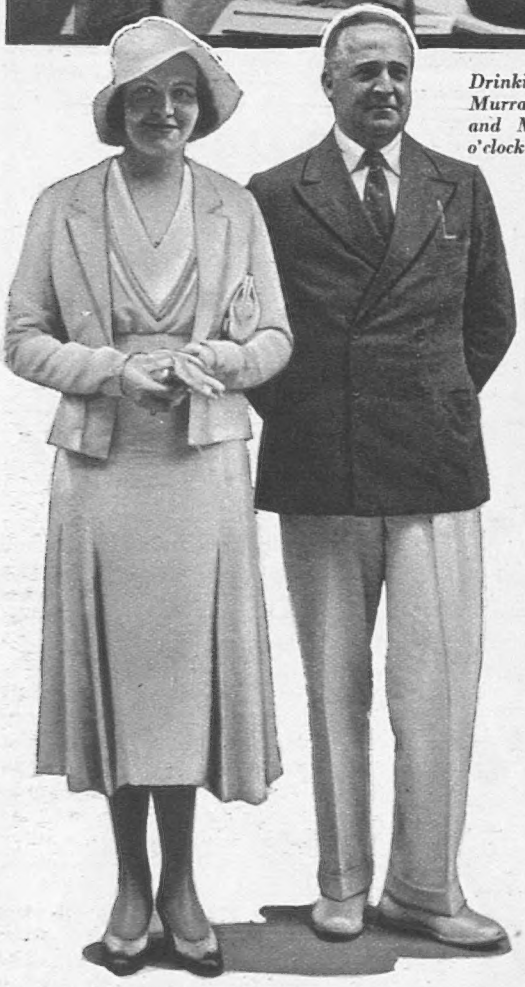
MR. WILLIE VANDERBILT has just left for the South of France by car, and Miss Celia Palmer, who was at the Café de Paris the other night, said that she was going there too, after breaking the journey at Pourville, from where she will motor down with Lady Phyllis Allen. It sounds as though it is going to be uncommonly good fun altogether, for the Palm Beach Casino is going great guns. The other night they had a circus fête, attended by the Brougham and Vauxs, Maurice Chevalier, Maurice Dekobra, Mistinguette, Princess Faucigny-Lucinge, and Lady (Mortimer) Davis.

AT the Ritz in London, Lady Lavery was to be seen, just before her departure for Salzburg. Mrs. Charles Ansell said that she did not think she was going away anywhere in particular. Mr. and Mrs. George Monkland were obviously still in London. Someone told me that Lady Louis Mountbatten and Mrs. Richard Norton are due for Monte Carlo from Brioni, and that, after Cowes, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby are going on a cruise with Lord and Lady Weymouth in Mrs. Corrigan's yacht.

AT Cowes, Sir John Milbanke, who always seems to be in the wars, had a chunk of plaster on his face. No, he had not been struck by a flying yo-yo which the Warrender children wield so effectively on the Yacht Squadron lawns. Nor had he been in a fight, official or otherwise. Simply a boat had hit him on the chin.

RED, white, and blue are undoubtedly the favourite colours at Cowes this year, whether you are a débutante, like Lady Pamela Smith, or a dowager, like Priscilla Lady Annesley. Others in white and blue, or red and blue, or white and red, have been Miss Sheila Berry, Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley, and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox. I

Drinking the waters at Vichy: Mr. Graham Murray, Constance, Duchess of Westminster, and Mrs. Mayer taking their social eleven o'clock glass in the gardens near the pump-room



Two more visitors photographed lately at Vichy, which is now quite full, were Lord and Lady Fermoy

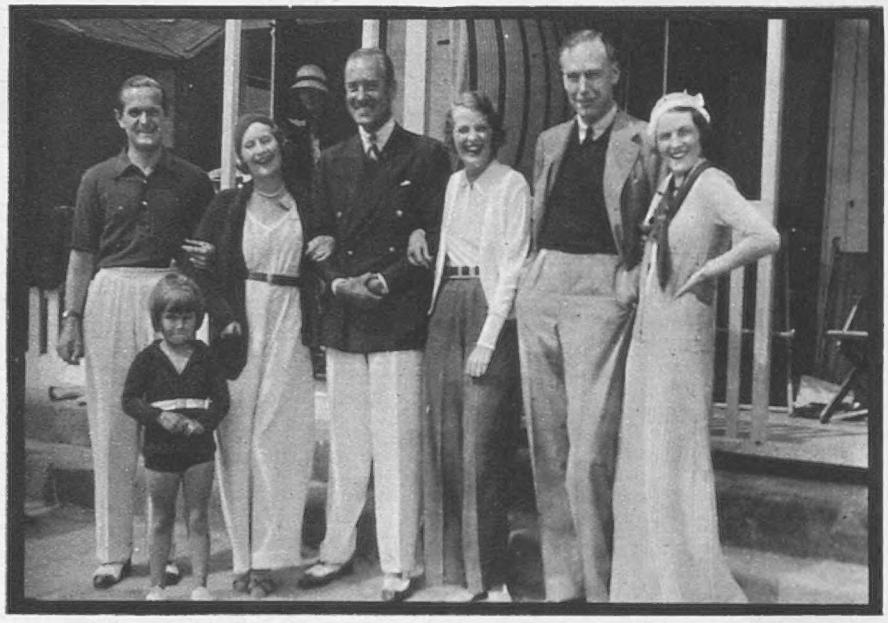
wonder, by the way, how many members of the Yacht Squadron know of the extraordinary heroism of Captain Somerset five weeks ago, when, singlehanded, he saved the crew of a small yacht in a few minutes before it foundered in a race off the American coast?

BACK in London, August always seems the most popular month for Indian princes. The Maharajah of Rajpiplah is still to be seen dancing most nights of the week, and now the Maharajah of Burdwan has taken up squash racquets. His mentor is "Oak" Johnson, of the Royal Automobile Club, whose chief claim to fame is that he has coached Amir Bey into being the best amateur in the country, and probably, too, the best in the world.

AT last the engagement has been officially announced of Mr. Chaplin and Miss Alvide Bridges. I heard that they were engaged at least eight months ago, at the first of those highly successful sausage-and-lager parties given by Lady Hadfield. And then devotion made it evident that the rumour was correct. Miss Bridges is an extremely pretty girl, and Mr. Chaplin is said to be a very clever young man, with an astonishing gift for languages.

OTHER events of the past few days have been the opening of the Kasbek, under the genial management of Matt McKeigne, who used to be associated with the Mayfair Club in Bruton Mews, and the change over of the Leicester Square Cinema into a theatre of variety, with a dance floor and a cocktail bar, and so on, in the best Berlin tradition.

ANOTHER event of the week was the Duchess of York's birthday. Apropos, I was walking in the Burlington Arcade this week, and noticed a shop which



Swaebe

All ready for the beach at Frinton: Mr. and Mrs. Grahame-Hutchinson and their small daughter, Virginia, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Rutland, and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Barford

Swaebe

Another Frinton beach party, including the Hon. Mrs. Barford and her husband, Mr. E. J. Barford, Miss Cassi Connolly, Lady Ashfield, the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell, who is Miss Connolly's sister, and the Hon. John Bethell. The children are David Rutland and Edwina Barford, Lady Ashfield's grandchildren, and Guy and Jennifer Bethell

Lady Rothermere and her dachshund puppies, and Mr. James Walker and his Aberdeen, sitting by the swimming-pool at Lady Rothermere's villa between Cannes and Grasse, La Domaine de Pibonson

specialises in the sale of Royal photographs. One of the attendants there told me that they sell twice as many post-cards of her as they do of the Prince of Wales, whose popularity in turn is so great that hundreds are sold to Americans and others every month.

OTHER stragglers still in London last week were Miss Rose Bingham, Mr. Max Aitken, Lady Veronica Hornby, and Lord and Lady Cambridge. None of them seems in any hurry to leave London. The Hindlips, however, have already left for the South of France, and I have not seen Sir Robert Throckmorton in any of his favourite haunts this week.

DOWN at Sandwich all the villas and hotels are crowded. General Critchley was playing very sound golf there last week. Mr. James Stuart was also in evidence. Lord Illingworth was staying at the Guilford Hotel, and so were Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Maddick, who afterwards went on to Cowes. The rain was very welcome at Princes, and the course is in really marvellous condition.

MY caddy told me, incidentally, that the record for the course, as far as time goes, must be held by Lady Astor and Lady Annally, who went round in barely two hours. Admittedly they were playing from the ladies' tees, but even under these conditions this can be considered an almost "prohibitive" speed, if Lady Astor will pardon the reference to her feelings about liquor.

Above: Miss Catherine Dale Owen in the garden of Lady Rothermere's villa. Miss Dale Owen, who is a Hollywood film "lovely," was staying with Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse at Grasse, they having lately returned from Hollywood

Right: Another attractive photograph taken at sunset at Lady Rothermere's villa, La Domaine de Pibonson, of Lady Seafield, who has been staying on a yacht at Cannes

A view of the terrace at the Monte Carlo Summer Casino, taken during the firework display, which was part of "La Nuit de Rocaine," one of the spectacles which are served up with dinner and supper to the guests at the Palais de la Mer on gala nights. The weather here makes dining-out a pleasure

NOW is the time when many people still in London like to pretend they are on holiday by trying restaurants, usually foreign ones, which they do not usually frequent. To them let me recommend Prada's, in the Euston Road, where all the famous musicians and opera singers go and eat and drink and sign their names. The latter have been recorded in an unusual way by being stitched into a table-cloth. Gigli, Autori, Marie Burke, Tom Burke, Barbirolli, Dua, Cuthbert Reavely, Josef Holbrooke, have all been there and left a tangible proof of their visit.

MANY of the clubs are closed, or are closing for the annual redecoration. The Royal Automobile Club alone is acting as host to the Reform, the Army and Navy, and the Junior Carlton. Other clubs, owing to lean times, are finding it too expensive to tidy themselves up, so disgruntled members still in London at least have the satisfaction of sitting in their regular armchairs.

FURTHER news from the Continent goes to show that Aix-les-Bains is having a distinctly good season, although the number of English "well-knowns" is limited. The eight leading hotels are all comparatively full. Among the English visitors are Sir Hugo and Lady Hirst, Sir Victor Sassoon, and the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Brougham. Pyjamas for day wear have not yet penetrated to this spa, but it is expected that they will do so in the course of the near future.

AT Deauville they are always thinking up some new and exotic idea to attract attention. The latest, though not necessarily the best, is a camel which takes the children for a ride on the sands. Most of them, though, probably prefer the caterpillar

machine of M. Citroën, which has been in action for so many seasons there.

IT was only on the day before he left for the United States in the Olympic to take part in the American lawn tennis championships at Forest Hills that I heard Bunny Austin's comment on his defeat at Wimbledon by Ellesworth Vines. He said "Everyone told me that if I waited he would crack. I waited, and the next thing I knew was that we were shaking hands over the net, and I was congratulating him." That shows at least that he has a sense of humour.

MOVEMENTS of the week include the return of Lady Verulam from Madeira; the departure of Lord and Lady Huntly for Peterborough; of Lord and Lady Lonsdale for Lowther; of Lady Dorothy Mills for Lake Constance; of Lord and Lady Grantley for Belgium; and of Sir Laurence and Lady Philipps for the Riviera. The weather in the South, by the way, has at last got fine after three weeks of poor stuff. How I wish I was there myself!

Lady Diana Cooper has her fortune told by a gipsy after she had opened the Great Country Fair at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, which was held in aid of the distressed areas

Arthur Owen

Mrs. Arthur Paget and Lady Mount Temple turning backgammon into an out-of-doors sport, when Mrs. Paget was staying recently at Broadlands, Lord and Lady Mount Temple's lovely Hampshire home

Arthur Owen

A Goodwood joke at Cowdray Park: Major Harrison and the Hon. John Pearson, giving his twin sister, the Hon. Mrs. Murray, a joy-ride to celebrate the end of Goodwood Week and the polo tournament. Mrs. Murray and Mr. Pearson are Lord and Lady Cowdray's daughter and son

OWING to Mr. De Valera, there is so much turmoil in Ireland that any number of English people were advised by their hosts that they were not holding their usual house-parties either for the Dublin Horse Show or afterwards. Miss Winifred Paget, however, is braving the Irish Channel and the I.R.A., and is going to stay with the Leslies while her parents go on a tour of Austria. Austria and Germany seem very popular for motorists this summer. The latest to leave on a tour are Lady Bridget Poulett and her brother, Lord Poulett. Lady Bridget was at Cowes on the McCann's yacht, Charlena. This vessel had about six motor launches attached to her, and the feminine members of the party found that the very choicest face creams had been laid out for their use on the toilet tables. Mrs. McCann was a Miss Woolworth, and is one of those charming people to whom money is still really no object.

Above: Mr. H. N. Wild, who is in the 11th Hussars, and Miss Violet Nina Selby-Lowndes, daughter of the late Mr. H. W. Selby-Lowndes, M.F.H., leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after their wedding

A Suffolk wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, was that of Mr. George Pretyman, of Ipswich, and the Hon. Camilla Gurdon, Lord and Lady Cranworth's eldest daughter

Brides and Grooms

Right: Mr. Gerald Thesiger and Miss Marjorie Guille were married at Chelsea Old Church. Miss Guille comes from New York, and Mr. Thesiger, who is a barrister, is a cousin of Lord Chelmsford

Above: Lieut. George Tilney, R.N., Lt.-Col. N. E. Tilney's son, and Miss Eileen Graham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham, of Oakhurst, East Grinstead, had a Naval guard of honour when they left St. Peter's, Eaton Square, where they were married

Right: Mr. Raymond Briton Riviere and Miss Monica Jesse, daughter of Col. John Jesse, C.M.G., C.B.E., and Mrs. Jesse, were married last week at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street. The bride wore a halo headdress securing her antique Limerick lace veil

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

Lady Castlerosse, in leaf-patterned crêpe-de-chine, was one of the guests at the wedding of Dr. T. D. Kennedy and Miss Kathleen Duff, at which the Bishop of London officiated

MRS. PETER HORLICK is trying to revive the fashion of carrying real flowers; she is seldom seen in the evening without a few orchids in her hand. This is quite a pretty idea, if expensive, and is better than the vogue for peculiar pets which several people attempted to launch last year. I never fancied the idea of taking my piggy in the Park, or a lizard to the lounge.

I THINK the two most beautiful unmarried sisters in London are undoubtedly the Charles sisters. They are both brunettes, very charming, gay, and unspoilt. Hilary has the perfect profile, huge eyes, and a very sweet nature. Pat is artistic, clever, has a lovely oval face, and an adorable smile. The Beaton sisters, both darlings, are too well known to need description. They are blondes.

MAYFAIR Headlines:
Lady Bridget Poulett is wearing false eyelashes.
Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton is here, there, and everywhere.
Mr. John Loder is looking a little tired.
Mrs. Claude Beddington has a huge grey and blue hat.
Lady Alington has the longest short hair.
Lord Brecknock is always cheerful.

MRS. CECIL PIM would be excellent on the films. She has charm and vivacity as well as prettiness in her face. Lady Bridget Poulett was quite good in a crowd, but I think she lacks animation.

Captain and Mrs. Woolf Barnato sitting in the sun after bathing from the Roc at Cap d'Antibes. They were married this spring in America

I would like to see Tilly Losch in a leading part. Have you ever noticed her hands? They are quite entrancing.

THERE are two journalistic engagements in the offing.

DO you know? (with apologies to the "Sunday Express"):
That Sir Ian Walker is an eligible bachelor?
That Mrs. James Beck's names are Clarissa Madeline Georgina Félicité?
That the Ranee of Pudokota has a new bijou house?
That the Duke of Sutherland is slightly deaf?
That Mr. David Rhys has the waviest hair in Mayfair?

A CERTAIN couple will quarrel in public. Must they?

THE Viscountess de Janzé has an almost white pekinese with large amber eyes. The Viscountess has very beautiful eyes, too, most unusual in shape. She is very clever at collecting antiques, and has a flair for decorating. She is great friends with tall and talented Lady Sybil Lygon, who is proving she can write nearly as well as she rides.

ONE of the most brilliant Americans who live with us is Mrs. Frank Braham: as an organiser she is unsurpassed. She has a quick, charming way of talking, and is a clever judge of character. Her white hair is comparable only with Lady Wavertree's and Lady Chelmsford's. How becoming it is to be white; much softer than platinum.

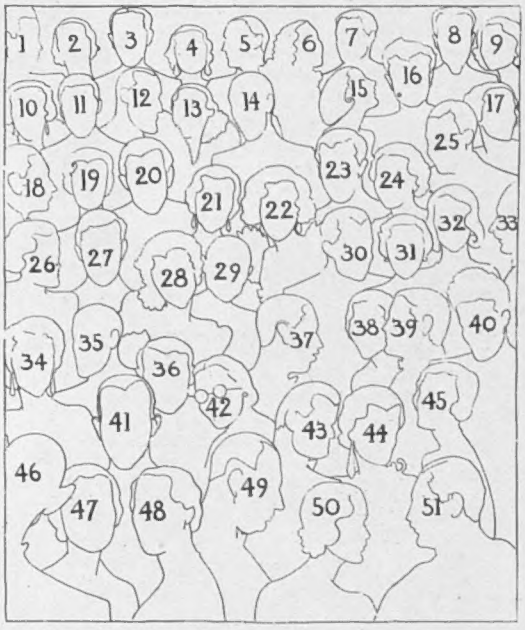
DIDDLE, diddle Dumpling, my son John Went to bed with his trousers on— and his boots.

LADY DUNN seldom wears anything but black and white; Lady Chesham wears black unrelieved; Lady Delves Broughton wears a soft shade of blue; and so does Lady Carnarvon; Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton loves vivid reds; Mrs. Julie Thompson is always in soft pastel shades.

WHAT objects do you connect with Mayfair people?—Like, for instance, Mr. Baldwin's pipe, as a political example; Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine's collars, of course; the Duchess of Roxburghe's single carnation buttonhole; Lady Dashwood's gloves; Mr. Evan Morgan's ring.

IS there a possibility of an engagement between the Weeping Baronet and a very sweet, smart, small ex-deb?

CAN a lovely blonde be contemplating flight? Can a charming man be planning? Can a husband be quite so blind? If so, why so? And is another blonde shamming?



PARTY!: Key to Opposite Page

(1) Mr. "Willie" Vanderbilt. (2) Mrs. Cecil Pim. (3) Mr. Tom Dryburgh. (4) Miss Diana Coventry. (5) Mr. John Mason. (6) Lady Pamela Smith. (7) Hon. Max Aitken. (8) Mr. Terence Weldon. (9) Miss Joan Barry. (10) Mrs. Stewart Brown. (11) Lord Donegall. (12) Capt. "Bunny" Tattersall. (13) Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale. (14) Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg. (15) Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton. (16) Mr. John Loder. (17) Miss Celia Palmer. (18) Mr. Michael Crichton. (19) Miss Hilary Charles. (20) Mr. John de Forest. (21) Miss Baba Beaton. (22) Miss Nancy Beaton. (23) Lord Churston. (24) Hon. Sheila Berry. (25) Mr. Jim Lawrence. (26) Miss Bunting Stevenson. (27) Mr. "Eddie" Tatham. (28) Lady Bridget Poulett. (29) Lord Poulett. (30) Mr. Murrough O'Brien. (31) Miss Katherine Horlick. (32) Lady Ashley. (33) Sir "Tim" Birkin. (34) Miss Averil Streatfeild. (35) Mr. John Findlay. (36) Mr. Clarence Moore. (37) Sir Robert Throckmorton. (38) Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger. (39) Mr. Randolph Churchill. (40) Mr. Robert Sweeney. (41) Mr. Peter Horlick. (42) Mrs. Peter Horlick. (43) Mr. Charles Sweeney. (44) Miss Margaret Whigham. (45) Miss Rose Bingham. (46) Mr. Leonard Govett. (47) Miss Pamela Nicholls. (48) Lady Diana Wellesley. (49) Lord Brecknock. (50) Mrs. Rex Colclough. (51) Lord Warwick.

PARTY!

An Impression by Pat Charles

[*The key to Who's Who appears on the opposite page*]

E.N.A

TALA BIRRELL AT HOME

Tala Birrell, who plays the lead in "The Doomed Battalion," which has been on at the Empire, is thoroughly cosmopolitan. Her father was English, in fact, Lancashire, her mother was Viennese, and Tala Birrell started her film career in Vienna before going to Hollywood to work for Universal. She has now bought a Spanish-style house out there, where she was photographed

Racing: Goodwood Echoes

By "Regular"

TORRENTIAL rain, sufficient to test Messrs. Cording's or Burberrys' stoutest wares, a sixty-mile-an-hour gale, that turned your new Brigg inside out, and sent you gavotting round the paddock after your not-yet-paid-for Lock, a peal of thunder, or was it only another favourite going down?—That was Goodwood.

GOODWOOD, that should have been so glorious. No meeting on this historic course ever augured so well. Reasonably fine weather was all that was needed to make it the best ever. With that denied us, it became the most dismal on record.

DISAPPOINTMENT Number One, as far as I was concerned, arrived on the previous Saturday in the shape of a letter from Baden-Baden. The loveliest of all the lovelies was going to let me down. Without her assistance, I feel quite inadequate to deal with the question as to who looked a treat, and who looked a sight.

As things turned out, however, I did not miss her as much as I expected. Almost without exception the women all looked alike—as if they had just returned from a trip in the lifeboat, and there was next to nothing to choose between them.

A RAIN-SOAKED mackintosh naturally suits some better than others, and I award "the sight for sore eyes in a mackintosh prize" to Miss "Smut" Sammut, who appeared as lightheartedly self-possessed as she does when selling you a buttonhole in Old Burlington Street.

LADY DURHAM is another who is unaffected by the vagaries of our climate. As Sir George Bullough's daughter, it is only to be expected that she should be tremendously keen on racing, and she was naturally delighted at the success of her husband's colt, Scarlet Tiger, in the Lavant Stakes.

SCARLET TIGER, trained by his uncle, the Hon. George Lambton, is, I believe, Lord Durham's first winner since he succeeded to the title. A grand colt in every way, Scarlet Tiger is a worthy bearer of these famous colours, and one that may easily have to be considered as a serious contender for classic honours next year.

THE attendance may have been small in the cheaper enclosures, but with the exception of a few Debs and their Delights, who seemed to have given the meeting a miss, everybody who is anybody appeared to be in the members' enclosure.

THERE were, of course, the usual number of house-parties. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond had a large party at Goodwood Park, among their guests being the Princess Royal and Lord Harewood.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL, as is befitting the wife of a Steward of the Jockey Club, is tremendously keen, which is more than can be said of her brothers, who infinitely prefer racing over the sticks.

LORD WOOLAVINGTON, at Lavington Park; the Duke of Norfolk, at Arundel; the Courtaulds at Burton Park; and the Marshall Fields at West Dean Park, also entertained large parties. Lord and Lady Nunburnholme were among the guests at Lavington Park, and the loveliest of all the lovelies' understudy thought Lady Nunburnholme looked very O.K., with which opinion I heartily agree.

SORTING out the "treats" from the sights wasn't any too easy under the prevailing conditions, especially on the Thursday, when that "fret" I told you about a fortnight ago, restricted one's view to a few yards, and then, when the "fret" disappeared, the rain came down and kept them all huddled together like sheep in a pen.

THE hardened racegoer can withstand rain, wind, thunder and lightning, with a sea-fret into the bargain, and laugh at them all, provided the fates propitiate him with a winner or two.

A FAT cheque from your bookmaker on Monday, even if by the same post you get another letter saying "I did love Goodwood so, and it was sweet of you to take me, but my frock is quite ruined," is ample compensation for all the discomfort you may have suffered, plus the added expense of making good the ruined frock.

Mrs. F. W. Byass and the Hon. Mrs. Prior Palmer, with Captain F. W. Byass, who played No. 2 in the Lakers Lodge side which won the Cowdray Park Challenge Cup at Midhurst during Goodwood Week

Watching the polo at Midhurst, which is one of the big social events of Goodwood Week: the Hon. Brenda Pearson, Lord and Lady Cowdray's daughter, and Mr. Tom Walls

FEW of us, though, this year have received anything from our bookmakers, save a statement of account, and a polite reminder that a weekly settlement is expected. When the 20 to 1 chance, Archimedes, just pipped Mr. Hornung's Astrologer in the very first race, we ought to have been warned, but it takes more than one outsider and a thunderstorm to do that when our minds are made up.

IT all looked so easy. Wherever one went, people came up and whispered: "Follow Fred Darling, and you can't go far wrong." With this information, the fact that the four horses we had backed in the Stewards' Cup were all unplaced, and that we were already wet through, left us quite unmoved. Manitoba and Colaroma, from the powerful Beckhampton stable, would more than pay for all that. Both started at odds on, and both were beaten to blazes, and we retired at the conclusion of the first day with the unpleasant feeling that we should have to be extremely fortunate on the remaining three days, or Saturday, instead of our boarding the train for Scotland, would see us struggling to "get out" at Ally Pally.

WEDNESDAY, as far as the weather was concerned, was a distinct improvement, and it was possible to see a few people. Underneath all those orchids over there goes Lady Dufferin, accompanied by her husband. She looks very smart, and we think it's a pity she doesn't go racing more.

MISS ANGELA DU BOULAY is another who is very high in our list of those who know how to look attractive under adverse conditions. We also admire Lady Diana Wellesley's turn out, and consider her béret just the thing for a windy day. She is walking with Lady Cowley.

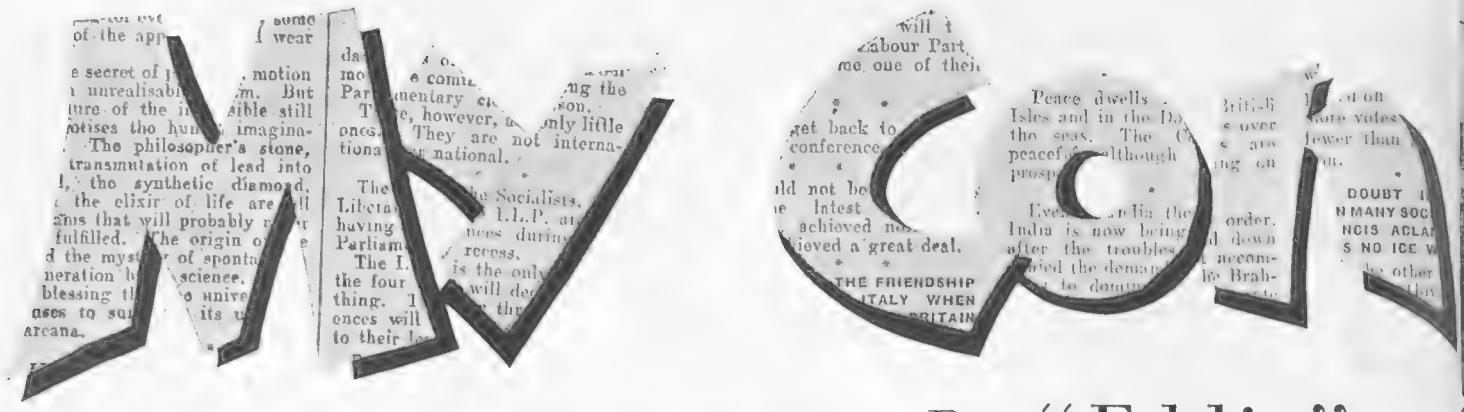
THE results, too, were a slight improvement, and we most of us got a bit back over Scarlet Tiger, whose victory was the most popular of the meeting, though Fred Darling's hard and fast followers got further in the mire, as Nun's Veil was unplaced.

THE bookmakers are a curious body of men. For week after week they will pinch the price about anything we want to back. Then all of a sudden they will open up about an apparent certainty. It certainly looked all Goodwood to a flapping meeting on Dastur beating Pollux, but they let us lay as little as 7 to 4 and 15 to 8 on the Aga Khan's colt, who won in a trot.

HOWEVER, backers' luck was shortlived, and the opposition got it all back when the complete outsider, Forum II, won the Goodwood Stakes, and Mumtaz Mahal's offspring, Furrokh Siyar, failed to get a place in the King George Stakes, though quite a few backed Clustine, who was the form horse.

ALL sorts of stories, though, were told as to what "the Frenchman" could do. Apparently he was the fastest thing in Paris (which is saying something), and he could catch anything from pigeons to the Golden Arrow. All his backers caught at Goodwood, however, was a cold.

D



By "Eddie"

A human document of enthralling interest, which

Do not miss this astounding revelation of Mayfair
The Daylight

But also mark the Great Moral Lesson this

"Even in the midst of this orgy, when we were splashing about among the Cargo boats loaded for distant lands . . ."

I AM writing with an Aspirin in my mouth, and a splitting headache. Called by my Creditors "Innocent Edward," but known in the Mews of Mayfair, Boîtes of Belgravia and Cafés of Chelsea as "Doublefaced Douglas," "Tonic Water Ted," and "Madcap Meredith."

CRADLED in the Northern Vales, as a stripling I careered cuckooing through the Countryside. Cows called to me, Goats knew my habits, happy Hens laid their eggs in my bed, and Mothers beckoned in their children when I ran through the village streets. All went well until, indulged by my Parents, I forged a Parish Magazine. Faced with disgrace, I decided to become a hospital nurse and start life afresh in London.

On my journey South, I realised in the refreshment room at Crewe that Women loved me too much. Asking an exotic creature behind the bar for a ham sandwich, she cooed "With Mustard, Chérie?" Mustard, that magnetic opiate of the East! No sooner had the deadly dope touched my tongue than I saw Bognor Regis, Baghdad, Tunbridge Wells, and Port Said mirrored in her limpid eyes. The effects of the sandwich remained with me until Euston, where I was met by several Cabinet Ministers, six Stockbrokers, some Men about Town, nine well-known Actresses, and a Boy Scout, all with headaches.

This was my first glimpse of Society.

"Let's go to a Cinema," said one of the Cabinet Ministers. I was still innocent, so agreed. Laughing, sniffing snuff, and singing Sea Shanties, we ran from the Station all the way to Piccadilly, where we stopped in front of a large building. Outside it was just plain stone, but inside there were luxurious plush seats and heavily carpeted floors. Through the dim suggestive light, it was possible to see more Cabinet Ministers, Stockbrokers, Men about Town, and well-known Actresses. Some were smoking, others were heavily under the influence of Bismuth, and several were having baths. After this orgy, we all had another headache, but, always seeking new sensations, we decided to go to a Café for Coffee, and it was nearly midnight before we staggered home to bed.

WHEREVER I went, Women loved me, once a Duchess called me a Taxi, and it was from a Countess that I caught my craving for chewing gum. Satiated by the daily madcap round of Breakfast, Lunch, Tea and Dinner, I craved more sensations and took to sucking Moth Balls until discovered by my Valet; he used to put the Moth Balls in my clothes and I would replace them with acid-drops. Once, when he was wearing my underclothes, he stuck to the seat of a tram. My secret was out, and I shall never forget his look of reproach as he blew his nose on my last handkerchief.

ONE day last December, someone suggested a bathe. It was bright daylight, but we did not stop to think. There were twenty of us—five Cabinet Ministers, three Men about Town, two Women about Town, four Stockbrokers, one Insurance Agent, two well-known Actresses, and three slightly-known Peers.

Confessions

Tatham — — — — — — — — — — — — —

will shake the West End to its foundations with its amazing frankness

unmasked. Read of the Tonic-Water Orgies! the Thé Dansants! Bathing Parties!

article conveys, which is our sole reason for publishing it

Clambering on to a Bus, we started on this wild orgy, rushing through the City singing patriotic songs. We stopped at Limehouse to call for letters and have a headache. Having arrived at the Pool of London, we were all dizzy with Tonic Water. Some had even mixed theirs with Ginger Ale: whether it was the influence of the Sun or the effect of the drink, I cannot say, but one of the Men about Town proposed to one of the Women about Town, so she suggested a swim. Stopping at nothing and clothed only in bathing-dresses, we plunged into the river. Many people are under the impression that we Bright Young People lead a thoughtless and empty life, but we often think of England, and sometimes of Scotland and Wales.

Even in the midst of this orgy, when we were splashing about amongst the Cargo boats loaded for distant lands, either a Cabinet Minister or a well-known Actress suggested we should send a "hands across the sea" message to our foreign Cousins, so on each boat we chalked a helpful thought, like "Mr. Baldwin," a "Hi-Diddle-Diddle," or "Lady Astor."

"He stuck to the seat of a tram"

"Laughing, sniffing snuff and singing Sea Shanties, we ran from the Station all the way to Piccadilly"

Always, though, we were thinking of new ways of satisfying our craving for sensation. One day we went by Tram to the Crystal Palace, and broke all the windows; another time we poured Tar down the chimneys of the House of Commons; and one Sunday we creosoted Eton.

SOMETIMES we tired of the madcap life of London, and one day a Stockbroker suggested a gamble at the Seaside, so, without thinking, and sucking sodamints and sniffing talc powder, we walked to Brighton. As soon as we arrived, although we all had headaches, we began to gamble on the slot-machines on the Pier. All around us people were being ruined. We only stayed six hours, but in that short time I saw three games mistresses, four Army Officers, two Policewomen, and a tea planter jump into the Sea, their life-savings having been squandered in the machines.

ANOTHER night when we had met as usual under the clock in Charing Cross Station, a Cabinet Minister suggested going to the South Sea Isles. Stopping at nothing, we all bought tickets and ran laughing into the nearest train. One by one, the well-known stations flashed by, London Bridge, New Cross, St. John's, Lewisham, Blackheath — the twinkling

(Continued on page 284)

Howard Marshall on Cricket

The Qualification Muddle

England's Mixed Bag

G. O. Allen, the Middlesex all-rounder chosen to play for England v. Australia, but Australian born

K. S. Duleepsinhji, another of the chosen for Australia, a great batsman, but only qualified by residence to play for England

WHAT a Test trial match we had at Cardiff! Three hours' play, and three days peering through pavilion windows at driving rain. Really, it was a miserable affair, and our unhappiness was accentuated by the fact that the Glamorgan Club were losing more money than they could possibly afford.

Still, it was just about as useful as most Test trial matches, and at least it gave the Selectors plenty of time for putting their esteemed heads together. Mysterious consultations went on in corners of the hotel lounge, and the corridors were buzzing with rumour and surmise, until, on Friday afternoon, we learnt that R. W. V. Robins, F. R. Brown, R. E. S. Wyatt, the Nawab of Pataudi, G. O. Allen, Larwood, and Voce had been invited to go to Australia.

NONE of these names really surprised us, though we had wondered whether the Nawab of Pataudi would be chosen. He is a great batsman; he is qualified by residence to play for England, but, for all that, he is an Indian. So is K. S. Duleepsinhji, and here I must say that in my opinion neither Duleepsinhji nor Pataudi should have been selected. I say this purely on the grounds of qualification, for as cricketers and individuals they are both obviously entirely worthy of their places in the M.C.C. side.

I do feel strongly, however, that it is time some stand were made about this qualification problem. I shall be told, of course, that Ranjitsinhji played for England, and thus established a precedent which cannot be ignored. As a matter of fact, Ranjitsinhji played because it was felt that unless he did so a great artist would be lost to representative cricket, and in those days there seemed to be no likelihood that All-India would meet England at Lord's.

Now the position is different, though it is true that All-India are not yet so much in the limelight as England and Australia. But the real point is this—the rivalry which is expressed in the struggle for the Ashes is a rivalry between two countries, and I, for one, shall not feel particularly pleased if England beat Australia with the help of two Indian cricketers. What is more, the problem becomes increasingly complicated: there is another nephew of Ranji's up at Cambridge, of whom great things are prophesied; Jehangir Khan, of the All-India team, also goes up to Cambridge soon, and it is quite possible to imagine an England side of the future containing four or five Indians, with Duleepsinhji as captain.

OBVIOUSLY, the M.C.C. will have to draw the line somewhere, and it seems to me that the law relating to qualification ought to be altered. We should insist upon a birth qualification pure and simple, on the logical assumption that only Englishmen, for example, should be allowed to play for England. Otherwise the whole business of representative cricket becomes fantastic, as it is at present. I suppose there are those who will argue that the side which goes to Australia is an M.C.C. side, and that therefore players of any nationality are eligible, and this, maybe, is true, though it hardly fits in with our present conception of Test matches. The fact of the matter is that no argument is possible—either we must reject all scruples, and rope in every great cricketer we can on a slender and illogical residential qualification, or we must be strictly reasonable, and choose only men who are qualified by birth to represent their respective countries. And, to my way of thinking, there is no question which is the rational and just solution, though it means beyond a shadow of doubt that neither Duleepsinhji nor Pataudi should go to Australia.

STILL, it is too late this year to do much about it, and we must consider the English team as we find it. I think myself that it shapes excellently, and we have an exceptionally good chance of regaining the Ashes. Our batting is remarkably strong, and the Australians must be wondering with some apprehension how they will ever dispose of such players as Sutcliffe, Pataudi, Duleepsinhji, Hammond, Jardine, and Ames. There is this to be noted, however—we shall certainly be beaten if we approach the Tests with any intention of playing negative defensive cricket. The side which wins on those perfect wickets will be the side which hits the greatest number of fours, and we may be sure that the Australians will punish every loose ball which comes their way. We have somehow formed the opinion that Australian batsmen are slow scorers, though the records of Bradman's big innings over here prove that he sent the ball rattling up against the rails whenever it was over-pitched or short of a length. And, incidentally, what about this Bradman? Need we really regard him with such awe? I have an idea that, by the law of averages, he is due for a comparatively bad season, and there is, at any rate, no need for our bowlers to suffer from any inferiority complex about him. We have at least one bowler who firmly believes that he can get Bradman out, and that is R. W. V. Robins.

The Nawab of Pataudi, yet another who goes to Australia with the English team by reason of residential qualification

SOME fine judges of the game consider that in Woodfull, Bradman, and Kippax, Australia have three batsmen who are better than any of ours, but I am not so sure about that. These three are great players, admittedly, but I think we can match them. Sutcliffe, Jardine, and Pataudi are as reliable as Woodfull, Duleepsinhji is the equal of Kippax, and I have no doubt that Hammond, playing his natural game, is every bit as great a batsman as Bradman.

Possibly, our bowling lacks sting; we need a stock bowler like Tate at his best, and Voce in England has been a little disappointing. It is just on the cards, however, that Voce may develop into something like a Frank Foster on Australian wickets, and what a difference that would make to our attack!

Pearl Freeman

A QUEEN OF THE SPANISH COURTS:

Señora Bella Pons

who has been champion of Spain since 1928, has lately been paying a visit to England. Her father, Mr. E. L. Dutton, was British Consul in Haiti, where she has lived since she was a child

Cedric Belfrage *discusses* The Passing Picture Show

Ann Dvorak, already christened "lovely Hollywood rebel" by the local Press, and her husband, Leslie Fenton, are quite the nicest pair of visitors we have had from the Far West in months.

You have read about Ann's sudden departure from Hollywood as a protest against her £50-a-week salary, and about the £200-a-week offer from the Shepherd's Bush house of Gaumont. Well, Ann is now busy sighing at the beauty of the view over the river from the Savoy, while she sends and receives wires from her New York lawyer. She still isn't sure whether she can wriggle out of her measly old Hollywood contract to accept the London engagement.

Believe it or not, Ann arrived in London with nothing to her back but a handful of simple sports outfits, which are all she ever wears in California. Not an evening gown did she possess—but when they told her about our dressy ways in this city so gay, she said that some day soon, when she had time, she 'd go out and buy one.

Ann cares no more about elaborate clothes than she does about make-up. All she wears on her face is a coat of tan, and, if you ask me, which you quite obviously don't, it 's enough.

"Unspoiled" is really the word for Ann, but it has been flung about in connection with so many sickening, simpering young hoydens from Movieville that I won't press the point. Leslie Fenton, the Englishman who married her, is an old acquaintance of mine whose taste I knew I could rely on. Mrs. Fenton, at the age of eighteen, has intelligence and an untrammelled sense of humour, and is less like a film star than any of the breed I have met since Clara Bow.

It looks as if Leslie and Ann are just potty about each other—and why not?

July has definitely been Crazy Month in the love arenas of Hollywood.

There has been the usual crop of engagements and marriages, of course. Those two blondes, Thelma Todd and Frances Dade, are the latest to become involved. Thelma upped and married a gentleman named Pascuala de Cicco, at Prescott, Arizona—and after having her name "coupled with" Ronnie Coleman's, too. Frances, whom you may remember in films like *Grumpy* and *Raffles*, announced her engagement to

Esther Ralston as Asta, the American film actress who goes on the Rome Express to escape the artificiality of her life, and Hugh Williams as Tony, the crook, who goes "straight" during the journey for love of Asta, in "The Rome Express," the new Gaumont British film

Going Merrily To——

Sylvia Sidney and Frederick March, co-starred by Paramount in the film that America knows as "Merrily We Go To Hell." For England, the censor has taken a bit of the name away, but has left lots of scenes like the above, so does it matter?

Brock van Every—one of the Scarborough, N.Y., van Everys, you know.

Then, too, George Brent denied the denials of Ralph (ex-Mr. Chatterton) Forbes by admitting his engagement to Ruth Chatterton, thereby sending Hollywood's chatter scribes into more of a flutter than anything since the time Jim Tully knocked Jack Gilbert over in the Brown Derby café.

As for Tallulah—you can't leave Tallulah out of these things—she has confessed to a girlish crush on Gary Cooper, and this has had such a dynamic effect on the lean Montanan that when they get together, Gary is reported for the first time on record to be talking in sentences of more than four words.

But over other members of the celluloid colony, skies have not been so blue.

Tom Mix's daughter, Ruth, for example, has had to ask for an annulment of her

Another scene the Censor forgot, featuring again Frederick March and Sylvia Sidney as Jerry and Joan, who meet, fall in love, marry, part, and come together again

Still Going Merrily To—

Esther Howard as Vi and Skeets Gallagher as Buck, the two friends in need to Joan and Jerry in "Merrily We Go To ——," which has been showing at the Plaza. The director of this film was Dorothy Arzner

OLIVE can hardly have felt worse, though, than Claire Windsor, who has just broken down and told the world full details of her unhappy-ending romance.

"Now I know I am the goat," this confession begins. "I loved Alfred Read. He told me he wanted me to stop working and be just his wife—his pal. The idea appealed to me. All the money I had in the world—£2,000—I gave to him to invest. That is gone now. Everything was blasted when Mrs. Read filed suit for £20,000 against me, charging that I had alienated the affections of her husband."

£20,000 seems to be the favourite sum claimed by "heart balm" litigants on America's rialto of love.

The lady who sued David Hutton, husband of Aimee ("Hot Cha") MacPherson, for breach of promise, estimated the damage at this figure—and got £1,000. Another film player, Hallam Cooley, is now being sued for the same amount. Here is an explanation of this marriage to Douglas Gilmore, the film "heavy," on the ground that when she married him two years ago, "she was not aware of the seriousness of what she was doing." You may remember that when Tom got the news about his little gal's elopement he promptly cut off the £50 a week allowance he was making her, which *was* pretty serious, as you 'll agree.

BUT the really tough sledding has been undergone by Mlles. Olive Borden and Claire Windsor.

You can imagine Olive's embarrassment when the woman proprietor of a beauty shop in Buffalo suddenly slapped divorce papers on the man Olive firmly believed to be her husband. The gentleman had, it seems, slightly bigamous propensities.

almost Alice-in-Wonderland passage-at-law, culled from a Los Angeles paper:

"Suit for $100,000, charging alienation of affections, was filed against Hallam Cooley and his wife, Elizabeth, by Clara L. Bates yesterday. Mrs. Bates is the wife of George C. Bates, retired banker of Columbus, Ga., and the father of Mrs. Cooley by a former marriage. Mrs. Bates, the second wife of the retired banker, in her suit accuses Cooley and his wife with breaking up her home. She alleges that Mrs. Cooley threatened to commit suicide unless her father separated from his second wife."

I hope it keeps fine for Mrs. Bates and all her little playmates.

OH, before I forget—there was a golden wedding in Hollywood the other day.

But don't tear down that front page, Mr. Editor. It was only the *grandparents* of a movie star—Alice White, to be precise. Alice was "mistress of ceremonies" at the celebration.

MORE mystery looms up in the strange case of Norma Talmadge.

A lawyer in Nogales, Mexico, announces to the world that he had been instructed by Norma to start divorce proceedings for her against Joseph Schenck, the head of United Artists, from whom she has for a long time been separated.

"I am completely in the dark," said Schenck, when they told him about it. "I do not know the lawyers and have never even heard of them.

"I have not authorised any lawyers to file a divorce suit for me," declared Norma, when she was told about the reports at the hotel where she is staying in Chicago. "Furthermore, I do not intend to seek a divorce."

George Jessel, Norma's alleged new boy-friend, is currently appearing in Chicago.

* * *

Only one thing is certain, and that is Hollywood still believes in keeping marriage bright and cheerful.

E.N.A.

To Entertain the Athletes

Competition was keen to secure places in the International Athletic teams which are competing at Los Angeles. Competition might have been keener still had aspirants but known that they would be regaled with an "Olympic Games Comedy" entitled "Million-Dollar Legs," in which Miss Susan Fleming, seen above, who until a few weeks ago was merely an unknown showgirl, would prove how suitable a title had been chosen for this "comedy"

If Gossip We

By the time these words are read, it is possible that something tangible may have eventuated from the Ottawa Pow-wow, and if it does, it should be the beginning of a world-wide recovery from the deep depression from which the world has been suffering for too long.

But to suppose that prosperity will be secured merely by the British Empire declining to do anything but for the Mother Country, and for its offspring to take in each other's washing, is a fallacy in which only the most bigoted of Empire Free Traders could believe.

It was made perfectly plain at Ottawa that Great Britain could not afford to trade with the Colonies alone any more than they could sell all their surplus products to the Mother Country. This is a self-evident truth, but there was no harm in restating it, and I am only surprised that the enunciation of anything so obvious did not call down upon Mr. Baldwin's head more of that virulent abuse which a certain section of the Press seems to keep on tap especially for his benefit.

And while the Ottawa Conference is getting down to brass tacks, things are not proceeding too smoothly across the frontier from Canada. The great United States of America, despite their gold, seem to be getting into a more and more parlous state. Nothing may happen until the Presidential election has been got out of the way, but when hard-headed business men like Senator Borah become converted to the idea that, in

The Honeymooner: "My wife and I want bathing tents—er—twin ones, please!"

From the Turf to the Rocks

Mr. Cecil Langlands, the well-known Epsom trainer, with his wife, being done brown by the sun's rays at Juan-les-Pins, which, like the rest of the South of France, is having a good summer season, where many English visitors can be seen

MUST . . .

Ottawa Backbiting — A Brave Headmaster—The Book Society Again—Theatres v. Films

the long run, debt collecting does not pay the creditor, I feel sure it is only a question of time before the slate will be wiped clean and we can all get down to business—and do it!

MR. CUTHBERT BLAKISON, when he talked to the British Medical Association—which, considering its age, seems a very bright and skittish body with a love for good things of this life often denied to its patients—might surely have guessed that when he described the modern youth as timid, untruthful, easily bored, afraid of loneliness and of punishment, and not in any way recalling the delicious boys of thirty years ago, he would raise a hornets' nest about his ears.

FOR a headmaster to institute comparisons was, indeed, boldness verging on lunacy. Every parent of boys at Lancing, of which he is headmaster, would not unnaturally assume that timidity and all the other faults which he so lavishly ascribed to modern youth were directly traceable to the offspring under his charge!

Parents are difficult at the best of times, but when they are insulted like this, I should think they could make it as uncomfortable for the headmaster as he, on occasions, makes it for the boys themselves.

BUT the storm which will rage over the headmaster's head should, I believe, be a perfect summer's day in comparison with the thunder and lightning which will rage round the Book Society in their latest choice of the "Book of the Month." This is none other than the collected poems of D. H. Lawrence. I express no opinion on the value to literature of this author's works. Some of the poems may be extremely beautiful, but not all are. Personally, I have no objection to smoking-room stories which are funny without being vulgar, or funny as

Mannell

Claud Allister, who, for seven years has only been seen in celluloid form, has returned to the stage, and is appearing with Sunday Wilshin, also seen above, in "Getting Unmarried" at the Victoria Palace

The Donor of the Famous Tennis Cup

Mr. Dwight Davis, with his daughter, Miss Helen Davis, who have been stopping at the Thermia Palace, Pistany, Czechoslovakia, where Mrs. Davis has had a course of mud springs treatment

Janet Jevons

Vera Bryer

portraying rhythm if not rhyme in "Rhyme and Rhythm," the new musical show which is playing for a season at Manchester before shortly coming to the Gaiety Theatre

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 1. THE GOLFER

THE Bogey, the Birdie, the Eagle,
And other strange fowl ad hoc genus
Are loved by us wholehearted golfers
With a strength from which no man can
wean us.
The dusky-hued native of Ind may
Bow down at the altar of Shiva,
But we place our faith every day in
The twin gods called Putta and Driva.

With courage that 's simply stupendous,
In all sorts of weathers we battle
To bring down our handicaps lower,
Then rest from our labours to prattle
Of perils terrific we conquered,
And tell how we cleverly sunk a
Confounded long putt at the third and
Just cleared the most treacherous bunker.

We 've failures as well as our triumphs,
But they 're best forgotten, so why sing
Of cards fiercely torn up because we
Fell victims to pulling or slicing?
The best of us sometimes discover
Our game can go quickly to blazes,
But later we find that our set-back
A pleasantly short-lasting phase is.

So here 's to the bold British golfer
Whose clubs are, aye, trumps on the fairway,
May nothing go wrong with his play and
Here 's hoping that likewise dull care may
Not rest on his shoulders to vex him—
And may he say "Same here" to us, for
We one and all dream of the day when
We 'll go down to glory as "plus four"!

B. W.

well as vulgar, but I do still possess an old-fashioned objection to filth—and filthy some of these poems by D. H. Lawrence undoubtedly are.

WHAT is the great idea of the Book Society? On what grounds are its books chosen? I should be really interested to know the reason which prompted the committee, who, presumably, read and decide on the merits of their monthly choice, to crown with the laurel-wreath of their blessing a book such as this. I do not say that any adult would take harm from reading it, and I doubt if even the young would do so. Not much harm can come to anyone who reads words scrawled upon walls by dirty-minded youths. But we do not regard such writings as literature, and still less do we expect to have them blessed by a Book Society however inept.

Ivy Tresmand

appearing in a play with music, "The Compulsory Wife," now making a tour in the provinces

Two "Spirited" Comedians

Fred (Jack Hulbert) and Briggs (Gordon Harker) towards the end of their search through the bars of London in the Gainsborough Picture "Love on Wheels." On each visit they take something "for the good of the house," but it is fairly obvious that it is not for the good of themselves

Pearl Freeman

Molly Bishop

the clever young artist, whose work is familiar to readers of "The Bystander." She is the daughter of Col. H. O. Bishop and Mrs. Bishop, of Harewood House, Andover Down, and she won not long ago the "In Memoriam Gold Medal," Sir Charles Holroyd's prize for figure drawing

FILM stars are much in the public eye. Their lightest sayings are recorded and their deeds are given a publicity which even a society beauty must envy. Quite a lot of space in the newspapers — which, presumably, is valuable—has been given to the fact—at least, I suppose it 's a fact—that Lilian Harvey has learnt to walk the tight-rope and will thus be able to do without a substitute in a film which she will shortly be seen. I am sure that this epoch-making news will be deeply appreciated by all film fans.

I SUPPOSE it is but natural that film fans should take an interest in their favourites, but it seems to me that this publicity is overdone, and if carried to further lengths is more likely to bore than intrigue. It was the stage actress who used to be in the limelight, but nowadays her doings are not recorded as they used to be. For instance, it came as a surprise to find that Cicely Courtneidge was, apart from her other talents, a first-rate acrobat. This was a new addition to her many accomplishments, but I cannot remember the newspapers referring in any way to her being about to become one. This turn of hers came as a surprise, and it was all the better for that.

WISDOM—or otherwise—from Whitechapel: Judge Cluer: "A man is unemployed. Then what is the use of him buying clothes?" But if everybody who had nothing to do walked about without any clothes, would not the police have something to say?

Elwin Neame

The Hon. Drogo Montagu is the younger son of the Earl of Sandwich, and married Miss Tanis Guinness, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Guinness and the late Mrs. Guinness, in 1931. Their small son was christened recently, at Lambeth Palace Chapel, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was given the names John Dru. Princess Ingrid of Sweden was one of the six godparents

The "Young Marrieds"

No. 11

The Hon. Drogo and Mrs. Montagu

The New Plays

A Season's Retrospect: Taking Stock

THE social season is over, and so is the theatrical season, which, before the advent of summer-time, used to be regarded as the moment when there was money to be made in things theatrical. This August lull, which but merely heralds the calm before the deluge of new productions, gives one time to look round and count the victories and defeats of the last few months.

So far as non-musical plays are concerned, it cannot be said that the harvest has been abundant, even though among the sheaves there is one play which is still delighting the public, and has caused one to wonder if a new star among dramatists has not arisen in the person of Ronald Mackenzie, author of *Musical Chairs*. My colleague, James Agate, has said that this is "the best first play written by any English playwright during the last forty years," and he might equally well have said fifty but for the fact that this would have marked him as starting his critical career at the age of six instead of sixteen! First play or not, I consider *Musical Chairs* the outstanding event of the season, and one which will make us look forward with keen anticipation to Mr. Mackenzie's next play.

THE dramatists of established reputation have been singularly "reticulent" of late. Somerset Maugham, for instance, has been silent, but his silence will be broken when Ronald Squire returns to town in the autumn with a new play by him. Frederick Lonsdale appears to be buried in Hollywood, but John van Druten so far freed himself from cinema shackles as to give us *Somebody Knows*—a murder play which I enjoyed—and to write another in which Gerald du Maurier and Gertrude Laurence will shortly appear. Gertrude and Gerald together should keep the box-office busy.

MENTION of Gerald recalls another famous G.: Gladys, to boot, but though it ran for some time, I cannot think that her choice of *Doctor Pygmalion* revealed that uncanny power of judgment on which she prides herself. Personally, I thought this a poor play, and so did most of my confréres, but where I differed from them was in liking *Dangerous Corner*, which, despite devastating notices, soon turned the dangerous corner and settled down into a success. The author, J. B. Priestley, if he sticks to play writing, will be a welcome addition to our far too small a band of clever dramatists.

MY greatest surprise was *See Naples and Die*, for who could have guessed that the author of *Street Scene* could deal with life as lightheartedly as he did in this most amusing play? That, I repeat, was my greatest surprise; while my greatest disappointment was *Precious Bane*, adapted from Mary Webb's novel. It was Mr. Stanley Baldwin who first called attention to the merits of this deceased author's work, and, while watching this play—which must have been but a poor dramatisation of the novel—I felt quite inclined to administer bane, precious or otherwise, to the Lord Privy Seal for causing me to spend so boring an evening.

TWO serious plays, one *Napoleon*, by Mussolini, which was well-acted enough to allow him no excuse for dismissing the entire cast, had something of a run without being a great success; while another, *Wings Over Europe*, found the authors wrestling with a subject which they found too big to handle.

EXAMPLES of "theatre" plays were in evidence in *Party* and *I Lived With You*, both of which made excellent entertainment and were the best works which Ivor Novello has yet given us. This young author possesses a keen sense of fun, for which, in these dull days, we should be extremely grateful. The other "theatre" play is *Evensong*, which, with Edith Evans in a part after her own heart, should have a long life in front of it before the evensong is finally sung.

Yet another success is to be found in *Pleasure Cruise*, which has had quite a long run, with its Boccaccio plot, and the author, Austin Allen, can hardly be blamed if he did go to this source for inspiration as he was only following in the footsteps of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Keats, and, yes, Tennyson!

MUSICAL plays have not been so frequent of late. *The Dubarry*, on the spectacular side, is still running merrily at His Majesty's, and Anny Ahlers, previously unknown over here, has, at one bound, but with many musical notes, established herself as a prime favourite. With *Casanova*, Sir Oswald Stoll tried to duplicate the success of *White Horse Inn* at the Coliseum. As a series of stage pictures, it may compete with its predecessor, but not as an entertainment.

THE Hippodrome seems to be doing well with *Out of the Bottle*, which, though based on a story by F. Anstey, can hardly be said to possess the subtle humour of that author. But then, in such a big house as the Hippodrome, subtlety, as Miss Trafalgar Gower would say, is "out of place." A delicate vintage would be wasted. Something rich and fruity is needed, and it comes out of that bottle.

THERE remains *Tell Her the Truth*, which isn't a musical play at all, but a play with music in which no chorus appears. That such an entertainment can succeed without a chorus has been proved twice at the Saville Theatre. *For the Love of Mike* was also a winner, but, in each case, it must not be forgotten that "for the love of Bobby Howes," the public will flock to the theatre.

SKETCH BY ROUSON

Hail, Smiling Maughan!

As depicted by our artist, Rouson, who saw her all smiles in "The Not" under the Café Anglais. That "bad, bad, woman" is here seen presenting her nervous protégé, Oliver Wakefield, who perpetually stammers nonchalant nonsense

BUTTERFLIES

Left below: Lady Mington. Lord Mington's wife, still does her hair in a long bob, and crowns it with a crocheted béret and short veil

Right above: Another béret fan is Miss Joan Farrer, the second daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Denis Farrer, and a niece of Lord Redesdale

Above, on the left, Miss Patricia Crawshay, and, on the right, Miss Peggy Paget, both wearing variations of the American sailor hat. Miss Crawshay's mother, Mrs. Codrington Crawshay, is a sister of the Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps, and Miss Peggy Paget is the daughter of the Countess of Drogheda by her first marriage

Society Feature

Summer Str

and

Autumn Béret

But where are the ha of yester-year?

Miss Averil Streatfeild, Colonel and Mrs. Henry Streatfeild's elder daughter, whose hat is finished with buckles, sits for the camera with her dachshund, Etzel

tures

traws

rets

hats

SCOT, 1910.

From Scotts of Bond Street

Above: Yet another sort of béret is worn by the Hon. Mrs. Bryan Guinness, who gave a dance recently for her sister, the Hon. Unity Freeman-Mitford. She and Miss Joan Farrer are first cousins

Left: Miss Rosemary Glyn, a débutante of 1931, and daughter of Mrs. Frank Ramsay, has been one of the hat sensationalists of the year, especially at Ascot

Above: a small flowered hat and eye-veil are worn by Lady Diana Wellesley, daughter of Countess Cowley, and a half-sister of the present Earl Cowley

The Sun-Worshippers' Mecca

"You're Looking Nice and Brown!"

So says, enviously, new arrival in the South of France to friend who got there first, and, patronisingly, same friend, several days later, when still leading in brown-ness, after new arrival has painfully developed a slight tan

The private beach of the Provençal Hotel at Juan-les-Pins looking more crowded than ever. Juan is as much a French as an English resort, and is packed to overflowing at the moment

On the Eden Roc, which has a much more English population than Juan-les-Pins: Miss Mala Brand wearing real sailor's trousers, and a new kind of straw boater, which she is reputed to keep on even when she is in the sea

Another Eden Roc photograph, of Mrs. Irving Netcher, otherwise Rosie Dolly, sunning herself on the diving-board. "The Bystander" is going to publish a Special Riviera Number in November, to make the sun shine a little for its readers through the fogs

"Debs" of the Dear Departed Season

Elwin Neame

Miss Priscilla Ponsonby

Above: Miss Priscilla Ponsonby is the débutante daughter of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Ponsonby, and a granddaughter of Lord Hunsdon of Hunsdon. She was presented at the first Court this year by her mother

Right: The dance given for Miss Pannonica Rothschild at her grandmother, Lady Rothschild's, house in Piccadilly, was one of the most brilliant of the season. Miss Nica Rothschild, who is nineteen, is the youngest of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rothschild's four daughters

Miss Nica Rothschild Lenare

Right: Miss Brigit Herbert, who came out this season, shared her dance in July with her elder sister, Miss Gabriel Herbert. Their mother, who gave the dance, is the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Herbert, and their father was the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. Aubrey Herbert, second son of the fourth Lord Carnarvon

Bertram Park

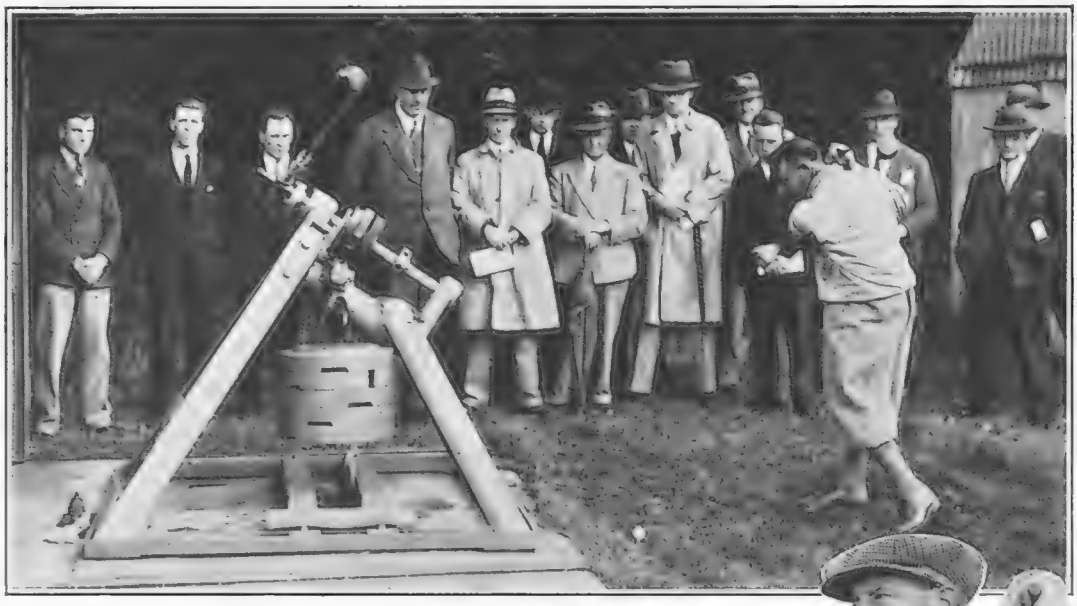
Miss Brigit Herbert

Right: Miss Kathleen Hennessy is the youngest daughter of Sir George and Lady Hennessy; her mother gave a coming-out dance for her in May at the Ritz Hotel. Her brother, Mr. Frederick Hennessy, married Miss Jean Longsdon last month

Lafayette

Miss Kathleen Hennessy

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf: Courses Abroad



At a golf-ball driving test held recently at Barnehurst, Kent, it was proved that the larger American ball averages a carry of several yards more than the standard British ball, whether machine, or man-driven. Our photograph shows L. Bates, the Barnehurst professional, driving against the machine

THOSE of my readers who have not taken my implied advice of a few weeks ago, and gone to Scotland for their holiday in order to compete in one or other of the Open Tournaments at Nairn, Dornoch, or Pitlochry (but particularly Nairn), may be contemplating a visit to one or other of the Continental golf courses, which can be reached without undue exertion from England. It may be useful to them to have some idea, before deciding finally upon the course which is to have the honour of receiving them, as to what sort of a golf links they may expect to find when they get there.

It has so happened that my golfing activities have taken me abroad on several occasions, and I feel reasonably qualified, therefore, mildly, to act as a guide and mentor in this matter.

LET us first of all travel to Paris, either by Imperial Airways or by Golden Arrow, and there make our headquarters, for there are many excellent golf courses within very easy motoring reach of the French capital. Pride of place I should, personally, not hesitate to give to St. Germains, which is a park course within very easy reach of the Rue de la Paix, but without exception the nicest park course on which I have ever played abroad. It is very well wooded, and at all times of the year is extremely pretty to the eye. It has a railway running through it, which, unlike most railways, adds to the fun of the course; during a French Championship a moving train once returned a badly sliced drive by John Morrison on to the middle of the fairway! It is always amazingly well kept, and the greens are wellnigh perfect. St. Germains is one of those exceptional places where the golf shots are difficult, but not too difficult, interesting to the tiger or the rabbit or any intermediate degree, and always attractive to anyone with an eye for scenery. It is possible near Paris to play golf, however, on an entirely different course, one which from the subsoil and the general characteristics you would expect to find not inland, but by the sea. A most delightful golf course has, fairly recently, been built at Morfontaine, which has all the features of a sanded, seaside golf course. It is well laid out, and here again the attraction of the golf is not the only attraction of the place. There are others, St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, with definite claims to interest, both because of their golf and because of their scenery, but Chantilly is probably the best of this lot, although it is a park course pure and simple. Nevertheless, Chantilly will test the best golfer of any country, and will be just as amusing to the worst, and it has the great advantage that it is one of those rare courses where you are unlikely to refrain from using every club in your bag in the course of a round.

Right: R. B. Denholm, Bass Rock, who beat the Amateur Record at Longniddry by 3 strokes with 67, and at Dunbar by 1, with 71, leading the Qualifiers in the Scottish Amateur Championships with a record of 138

FROM Paris, let us journey south to Biarritz. Biarritz is another magnificent centre for golf, for there are several courses around which can stand comparison with most English courses. The old Biarritz course is definitely a rabbit's course, but it is great fun for all that. There is also Chiberta, the new course laid out on the old race-course between Biarritz and Bayonne, cut from a forest and definitely a tiger course—a fact which may account for the number of rabbits who have deserted the old Biarritz course for this one.

Only a few miles from Biarritz there is the old course at St. Jean-de-Luz, which is the greatest fun, and contains one short hole, the green being out of sight from the tee, where it is history that a caddie, to his vast profit, manufactured an unbelievable number of "ones." This enterprising individual used to sit concealed in the trees around the green and every time a ball trickled on to it he very rapidly placed this in the hole and removed himself. It is scarcely necessary to say that he was in league with the player's caddie, but that, as is the case with most makers of easy money, he killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. There is another good golf course at St. Jean-de-Luz known as Chantaco.

BEFORE we leave France, mention must be made of the old course at Le Touquet, which has, for several years, been so well known because it was always so perfectly kept. The new course is very new, and was recently opened with the French Open Amateur Championship, when H. G. Bentley beat E. N. Layton in the final. It is a long and difficult course, but when it has settled down will no doubt develop into most excellent golf. To my mind, however, a course not so very far from Le Touquet takes a great deal of beating, and that is the links at Wimereux. Here is a golf course which quite definitely can stand comparison with any in the world; perhaps it is a little on the short side, yet the variety of the shots to be played counter-balances all this, and I have never understood why this course at Wimereux is not better known to the golfing world.

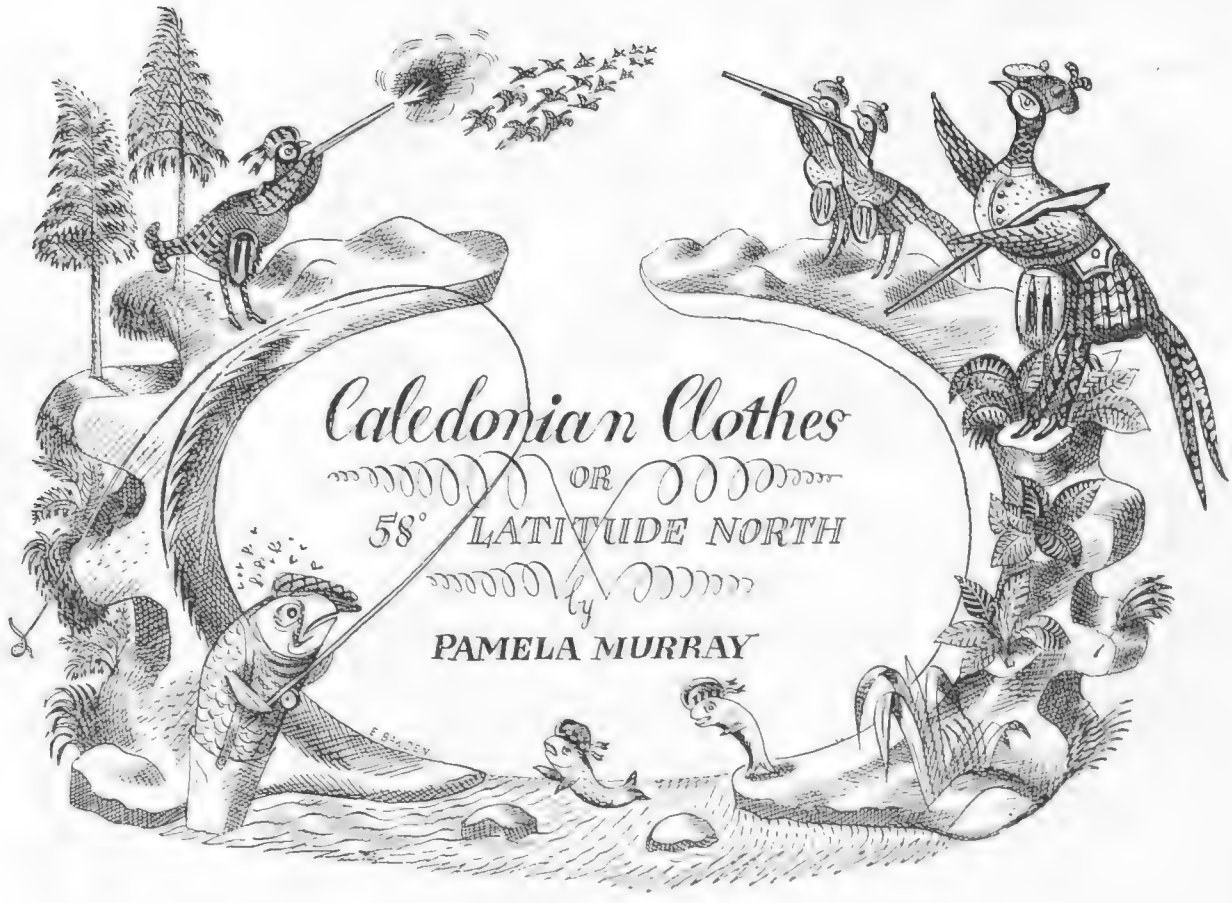
THOSE who may not wish to patronise France, have three good golf courses in Belgium as an alternative. There is a splendid golf course of the inland variety in Brussels, but one of the best of any seaside golf courses that I know is at Knocke, and there is another excellent course at Spa. Actually, there are three golf courses at Knocke, one encircling another within the town itself, and which is great fun; and another about two miles out, near the aerodrome, which is much more than great fun, for there are great shots to be played on it. The Belgian Amateur Championship was held there last year, and was won by Lionel Munn from a strong field. So distinguished and experienced a golfer as Munn expressed himself as delighted with the course, and I can offer no better opinion. It is real testing links, which will bring the best out of any golfer, and on unfortunate days will never break his heart.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Shaw Wildman

MISS HEATHER THATCHER has recently returned to us from triumphs in Hollywood, becomingly sunburnt and platinum blonde. Her costume of grey crêpe and face cloth, and her turban of powder-blue velvet, accord particularly well with this colouring. With her is Miss Hilary Charles, attired in a white and red checked suit from Leathercraft



SCOTLAND presents an acute dress dilemma to the woman who wants to look right without either going native or travelling with four wardrobe trunks. The climate is so fickle, and social occasions so varied, that she needs great perspicacity in making her purchases. As the 1932 grouse have neither been struck by lightning nor rickets, she will find shooting the main activity, with golf a good second. Stalking and sailing depend on her destination, but both are likely eventualities in the Highlands, or on the West Coast, while motoring is a certainty, also shopping raids on the main centres, a dash to Gleneagles Hotel, and attendance at Highland games, Lowland races, a "county" garden party, or a Scott centenary festival in the Borders. Even if she does not dance at one of the Meetings, there will be a private or a charity ball, and an Edinburgh first night to demand a snappy evening dress. By contrast, her best young man may want to go deep-sea fishing off the Bass Rock at dawn, or climb a particularly inaccessible cairngorm, or play singles on the excellent hard court which is now attached to nearly every country house or hotel. Altogether a tricky trip!

FOR shooting, a stark-simple coat and skirt is homespun or Harris, or any peaty tweed, with leather buttons, is good, provided the colour does not verge on off-white, cornflower, scarlet, or a fiery mustard. Your favourite white mackintosh, which, to be really efficacious, should be one of those specially made by the Dunlop Company for Fortnum and Mason, and which cost six guineas in silk, and 4½ in cotton, will go everywhere except a grouse butt, where it must be replaced by a neutral waterproof—Burberry for choice. The classic pull-on felt keeps your hair dry, but bérets and hand-knitted caps do for fine days. Pull-on felts, which are guaranteed not to get out of shape, no matter how badly the Scotch weather behaves, can be obtained from Scott's, in any colour to match your tweeds, from 25s. 9d. Newmarket boots are only for duck-shooting or for the marshy south-west corner of Scotland. Elsewhere they are too hot and heavy. Buy strong-nailed brogues, and use your crêpe-soled golf shoes on alternate days, while the brogues are drying, or, better still, buy a special pair of Fortnum and Mason's shoes, which have invisible rubber soles surrounded by a leather band which not only improves their appearance, but prevents the rubber from spreading. These are hand-made, of course, and without rubber studs cost 47s. 6d.; with the rubber studs, 57s. 6d. Stockings in small diced patterns are right, loud tartan designs are not. An odd skirt, divided if you like, is useful for shooting on hot days, worn with a jersey and one of the new leather belts, as like a man's cartridge-belt as possible. Fortnum and Mason make a speciality of an exceptionally well-cut divided skirt, which can be made to measure for 6 guineas. They also have some lovely soft sweaters and cardigans, but do not buy too many before going North, as nearly every village and remote Hebrides has its wise knitting woman and beguiling shop for hand-dyed tweeds, both of which are sure to tempt you with their attractive wares.

YOUR existing golf clothes, with a wind-proof jacket added, will do for many occasions. Leathercraft have the most attractive short suède jackets, which are miracles of fit and lightness, and these can be obtained in almost any colour from 7½ guineas. For tennis, except in a heat-wave, a dark-blue skirt and a sleeveless striped jersey suit the setting better than chill white drill. For races, games, and shopping, a smart three-piece or two-piece is essential. It can have interchangeable scarves, sophisticated country hat, heavy silk stockings, and lizard or calf shoes with moderate heels. If you look like Newmarket Autumn Meeting, you will be the goods. A Leathercraft top coat, with gay accessories worn over a "little" stockinette dress, does nicely for the second day's racing, or for lunching with neighbours, while the dress rings changes on non-shooting days. Woollands have an excellent department for woollen goods, and their one-piece jersey dresses can be obtained for as little as 4½ guineas. One smart dress I particularly liked was diagonally striped in brown and beige, and cost 6 guineas. This model can also be obtained in blue and white. If you ask for a Matita model, you can't go far wrong; most of the high-class stores keep them, and they are always attractive and in excellent taste. Their tweed and jersey ensembles are exactly what you need. A fur coat for travelling and night-motoring is useful, or a camel-hair coat from Aquascutum is an excellent investment. They can be obtained from 10 guineas, and are both warm and light. If you choose a fur coat, make sure it is of pony; this looks thoroughly sporting, and wears far better than one would think. The City Fur Store have some well-cut full length coats priced at 23 guineas, but short ones may be had for 9½ guineas. It usually pays to pack one light-weight suiting, either a silk dress and wool coat or a wool dress with summery touches, and a stitched linen hat or bright turban (never a big straw) to wear at the inevitable garden fête or on that amazingly hot day which crops up in August or September when you are about to sightsee in Edinburgh and lunch in the Pompadour Restaurant, or at the Oyster Bar afterwards.

MOST houses are insufficiently heated, and a jacket to each evening dress is imperative. Velvet pyjamas are lovely and warm, but some hostesses feel old-fashioned towards them. Tea-gowns are worn a great deal by older women for dinner, even if the young go trousered, but you hardly ever change for tea now, which does away with that rather useless "in-between" frock. Liberty have some really decorative velvet tea-gowns in lovely colours which are particularly suitable to the older woman, and which are not extravagantly priced. When soaking wet after shooting, it is usual to sleep till dinner, or the bridge fiend changes early and gets in a rubber while the others fight over the bathrooms. For Gleneagles Hotel, you want typical restaurant dresses, and, for a Highland ball, a classic white gown to contrast sharply with the miasma of tartan and mess jackets. One of the draped Grecian models in heavy crêpe lends itself to the occasion. The Peggy Morris model shown on page 272 is the type of dress, and the Maison Ross have two really lovely white gowns from which to choose. For very young girls, white organdie is delicious, but requires a lot of upkeep; flammesole, the new crinkly crêpe, is more practical, and Corot have several new designs made of this material, which falls beautifully and really does not crease. These cost 6½ or 7 guineas, with the added attraction that they can be obtained on the instalment plan. If you can't wear ivory cream, or oyster, there is ice-blue and leaf-green. A tiny jacket of white clipped rabbit (at Harvey Nichols they cost only 4 guineas) is one of the most comforting accessories I can think of; it looks well over any evening gown and is much more suitable for Scottish sunsets than the flimsy chiffons or brief satin shoulder-capes of the optimistic Southerners. Avoid printed chiffons, printed lamé and every shade of red, pink, apricot and flame, but black is excellent if you have enough jewels from Cartier, Woolworth, or Marks and Spencer, to outdazzle the dowagers' dais.

Bertram Park

MISS MERLE OBERON is one of our most promising young cinema actresses and the release of "The Wedding Rehearsal," in September, in which she plays the lead opposite Roland Young, is eagerly awaited. She is at present working under Leontine Sagan's direction in "The Young Apollo," a film dealing with Oxford life, written by the son of Sir Philip Gibbs. She is also a very smart, though diminutive, young woman and is seen here in a lovely gown of patterned romain from Fortnum and Mason

Stars Who Shine In Widely Different Hemispheres

A NEWCOMER in another field, but one who has had a phenomenal, though not unexpected, success to those who know her work, is Peggy Morris. Her success as a dress-designer is a happy result of the "Buy British" campaign, and her models are worthy to rank beside those of her Parisian rivals. She herself has posed for the accompanying photograph, in which she is seen in one of her new autumn models, made of Ramada, a British silk, and trimmed with a trail of flowers

Books of the Day

Amanullah : Some Holiday Reading : By "Junius"

No Eastern monarch, except a former Shah of Persia, has made so spectacular a visit to Europe as King Amanullah of Afghanistan. Although he had taken up arms against us early in his reign, England did him especial honour for reasons of high politics, Afghanistan being a buffer-state between India and Russia-in-Asia. In *Amanullah, ex-King of Afghanistan* (Hurst and Blackett; 12*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Roland Wild, who was the *Daily Mail* special correspondent in Afghanistan, tells us how the European visit led to the ex-King's undoing.

We have been led to believe that the revolt against Amanullah was caused by his attempt to Westernise his subjects after his return from Europe, but Mr. Wild shows us that there was bitter antagonism against him before he started on his round of visits. He had already antagonised the mullahs, the all-powerful priests in Afghanistan. His further efforts after his return, and especially his allowing his Queen, Souriya, to break purdah and go about unveiled, put the coping-stone, as it were, on the resentment and anger which had been steadily growing against him.

There are vivid pictures of Kabul under Amanullah's rule, with Turks officering the Army; Russians, Italians, Germans seeking concessions and contracts; musical comedy uniforms designed by the ex-King himself; a riot of spending on a depleted Treasury.

At the time of the visit we heard a good deal about Amanullah ordering vast quantities of goods of all kinds, and leaving his hosts to pay the bill. Mr. Wild explains this by saying that: "Every day hundreds of pounds' worth of goods were delivered at Claridge's on approval for the examination of the King. They were sent on the off-chance that they would take his fancy. Many of these goods eventually found their way to Afghanistan." Neither Amanullah nor his Queen knew the meaning of "on approval," and the King "honestly believed" that these were tributes to his power and compliments to his country."

Amanullah now lives in a small suburban villa in Rome on the proceeds of his jewels, whilst his successor, King Nadir Shah, is slowly bringing about some of the reforms which he himself tried to force upon the Afghans. Mr. Wild, with a wealth of picturesque detail, shows us that Amanullah was the creator of his own misfortunes. His book lifts the veil from an important phase of modern history, especially important to England.

Miss Ethel Mannin has wandered up and down the Continent; she knows her London and her Paris. The outcome is *All Experience* (Jarrolds; 10*s.* 6*d.*), a most varied and entertaining series of impressions of all sorts of people and all sorts of places. Whether she writes about Rome, of Madeira, a little pension in Mallorca, sun-bathing in Germany, a café in Paris, a boxing-match, or the first night of a musical-comedy in London, she has the gift of putting the scene as clearly-cut as a cameo before you and conveying its atmosphere. But why, I wonder, with such acute observation, humour, and a delight in the beautiful, does Miss Mannin occupy herself so much in these sketches with sex and sanitation? It is a pity. One is reminded of Sir Owen Seaman's lines—

And rolling my ravenous red eye,
And winking a mutinous lid,
To each matron and maiden, I said I
Would shock 'em—and did!

Ethel Mannin, and her small daughter, to whom her new book, "All Experience," is dedicated. A review of her book appears on this page

But of the twenty stories in Mr. Gilbert Frankau's *Wine, Women, and Waiters* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), it is difficult to say which is the best, since they cover so wide a range, from the exciting to the mordantly ironic and cynical. But the six stories under "The Memoirs of Giuseppe Cigarini" stand out from the others. They are a biting satire on a particular world, and Mr. Cigarini is the "very compleat" villain.

Here are some novels for holiday reading.

I find Mr. Gregory Baxter's *Murder Could not Kill* (Benn; 7*s.* 6*d.*) every bit as thrilling and exciting as his *Climax at the Falls*, which I described as "A detective story of the best kind."——Another thriller of great ingenuity is *Murder in Full Flight* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Marcus Magill. It is much concerned with aeroplanes. The descriptions of flying could not be better done.

Loads of Love (Benn; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Anne Parrish, is a delightful story set in a pleasant American setting. On the other hand *Hollywood Nymph* (Cassell; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by John V. A. Weaver, is a biting satire on a very different American world—the film stars, film producers, and their satellites, who move and, according to Mr. Weaver, have a most trivial being, in the metropolis of film-land. *The Alabaster Nymph* (Werner Laurie; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by June Boland, has for heroine the complete opposite of the cinema-star in the American book. Ursula Kingsford is a charming girl, and if the central idea of her story is somewhat old-fashioned—the happy effect of comparative poverty after an atmosphere of great wealth—it is none the less interesting.

The Late Tenant (Jarrolds; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Louis Tracy, opens with a genuine "creep"—the haunting of a London flat. From that it merges into an engrossing story with an unexpected ending.——*The Island of Avilion* (Stanley Paul; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Cecil Adair, is a romance of parted lovers, and in *Ambrose Terring* (Nicholson and Watson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Hartley Kemball Cook, you will find the clash between the new social order and the old with some unusually strong character-drawing.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Flamboyante (Hurst and Blackett; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Hubert S. Banner. The scene is set in the Dutch East India of Bali. A strong book, with vivid descriptions of scenery which will be new to most readers.

Plummers Cut (Harmsworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Basil Maine. The story of a clergyman working in Rotherhithe.

The Thirteen Problems (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Agatha Christie. Thirteen baffling mysteries, elucidated by an unusual kind of detective—a village spinster.

Parsons Nine (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Noel Streatfeild. The story of a twin-brother and sister. Written with humour and a close observation of human nature.

A Message from Home

For the benefit of those lovers of the Simple Life now at Eden Roc, Frinton, Estoril, and other distant places

Mr. M. B. Portman, Miss Pat Charles, whose efforts as a portraitist, with a touch of caricature, of fifty-one of the brightest and best people, appear on p. 249, Mr. J. H. Dennis and Mrs. M. B. Portman at the Café de Paris before the August exodus set in

Lady Bridget Poulett and Mr. F. W. Waddington are two whom the Café de Paris might easily claim to have had among its "regulars" for most of the summer of 1932

Above: Lord Brecknock and Miss Audrey Simpson, probably wondering if that can possibly be "her" out with "him" sitting up in the gallery of the Café de Paris

Right: another party of two who were discovered by the camera having supper at the Café: Miss Mona Simpson and Mr. John Mason

Photographs by Swaebe

Letters of a Lady Golfer: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,—

DON'T you find it very seldom that anybody says anything new to you about golf? It 's the same old "head still," "slow back," and all the old catch-words on which you and I were brought up; or, rather, unintelligible jargon of "clearing the left hip" and other anatomical contortions which don't seem to help much. So that, really, before even chatting about the German championships, I want to share the glad news with you of two really helpful gems of instruction that have come my way lately. If they aren't new to you, never mind; I am hoping for permanent improvement in my own putting and little chips if only I can make myself heed them. Both, oddly enough, are driving the same lesson home. Mrs. George Coats told me one ought to "putt with your ears," and Mrs. Charles Ross of Winchester sends me, as an adapted adage, "The watched putt never holes." Isn't there a world of wisdom in these?

I WISH you could have seen Mrs. Coats putting with her ears at Cruden Bay. Some irreverent folk, with no respect for the dignities of the Royal and Ancient game, will doubtless conjure up a Bateman drawing-effect of the Scottish runner-up lying down and propelling the ball holewards with a portion of her head, regardless of the fact that ears are not being worn this summer. No, but truly, the way she kept her head down, so long that the rattle of the ball in the hole actually reached her before she looked up to see where it had gone—that was a sight for gods and little fishes! Miss Hilda Cameron is another Scottish golfer who does likewise; so does Mrs. Davidson, who might have won the Girls' Championship when she was Miss Betty Inglis, and did win the Scottish instead. All of them are mighty good putters—in fact, Mrs. Davidson's wonderful putting would have pulled them through the Scottish Foursomes this year if Mrs. Evers and Lady Eddis hadn't been even more wonderful in that department. Neither of those two putt with their ears particularly, so, of course, I mustn't be too dogmatic about this tip, but undoubtedly they, and all first-class putters, do keep the old head down very firmly till the ball is well on its way and the follow-through of the club finished. That, of course, is what matters. What the head does after the club and the ball have parted company cannot really affect the ball, only the determination to keep it down a long time means that it *is* down at the moment of impact. Of that fact the immovable head while the ball drops into the hole is the outward sign, the proof positive.

STILLNESS of body and head is, I suppose, one main ingredient of good putting. Have you ever noticed the way Miss Gourlay, Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Diana Fishwick, and Miss Doris Chambers, will put out their foot with a convulsive stamp when a putt wriggles past the hole, or how Miss Doxford, the Kent champion, and Miss Garnham, the Essex, wave an imploring putter after it? Sometimes it looks as if the stamp and the wave precede the hitting of the putt awry, and I am quite certain that the nerves or muscles which control these demonstrations must have got busy long enough beforehand to have had an evil hand in missing the putt. They are, at least, a partial cause.

Yet all these wrigglers keep beautifully still on the days when they are putting well.

MISS GARNHAM must certainly have been thoroughly on the putt the other day, when she carried off the scratch prize at the Naze summer meeting with 76, but then Miss Garnham is playing really well nowadays, and there were moments at Le Touquet when French champion looked a title that she might quite reasonably hope to write after her name as well as Essex. Miss Gourlay, of course, nipped that in the bud very firmly, in just vengeance for her own little 19th-hole mishap at Saunton, but Miss Garnham is a golfer who cannot be ignored, even if Portmarnock was rather a premature moment to make her an international.

Miss Mollie Gourlay and Miss Diana Fishwick, who are described as "wrigglers" by our Golf Correspondent when they are not putting well

HAVE you, by the way, ever seen her mural paintings in Smithfield Market? I believe they are really extremely clever, and some day we must go and have a look at them, only I cannot feel as if Smithfield in August . . . But, then, I possibly have quite a wrong idea of Smithfield, and undoubtedly of August. By the time you get this letter, you will probably be shivering over a fire, and I shall be investing in winter woollies, instead of writing to revile the firm who have failed to keep their promise over cotton frocks.

I HAVE just had a telegram which is a sad disappointment. Miss Rudgard went out to Germany full of hope and determination about winning the open championship there; the telegram tells me that she lost the final by 5 and 3. It was over thirty-six holes, so that experience ought to have told. Besides, Frankfurt-on-Main is a really testing course, long (the scratch score is 78), the placing of shots fiercely governed by trees, greens excellent, everything to give the better player her advantage. Poor Miss Rudgard! Frau Haag, who beat her, may indeed be the better player; she was reckoned one of the three best of the ten German players who entered. The rest of the field was made up of Mrs. Richardson from Royal Knocke-sur-Mer, and Miss Rudgard herself, these two meeting in the first round. Nothing suggested that the player from York would not add the German title to all her Foursomes honours. But golf prophecy is idle. I can't help wondering if Miss Rudgard was a bit too keen. At all events, runner-up again is the sad epithet which must be added to her long row of Foursome wins.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

"Bystander" Club Competition

(*See page 288 for Results*)

For the greatest number of cards, relative to its membership, returned by one club for THE BYSTANDER *spoons, each month. A Challenge Cup and memento are also given for the greatest number of cards, relative to membership, during the year, and the three leading clubs are presented with prizes to be subsequently competed for by their own members. Full particulars on application. One coupon entitles a player to send any number of cards during the current month.*

In addition to the above, from August to December, 1932, the three leading clubs each month will each receive three gold *Eve* brooches, to mark the change-over from *Britannia and Eve to* THE BYSTANDER.

Clubs may use these brooches as they like, but it is suggested that they might go to the three members who have returned the greatest number of cards for the winning total.

"The Bystander's" Autumn Foursomes

See page 288 for conditions.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1932 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2 not later than Thursday, September 15th.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th
(*PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS*)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*
L.G.U. Handicap .....
Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....
To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*
L.G.U. Handicap .....
Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....
Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above addresss

Links with Character:

By Gerard Fairlie

Intimate Impressions of Famous Golf Clubs

No. 2. Turnberry

Pictured by H. H. Harris

To reach Turnberry you must go through Ayrshire, and, in fact, actually through that historic Scottish town of Ayr if you come from the South by car. You travel along the Great North Road as far as Scotch Corner, where you branch left and over the Yorkshire moors to Penrith. Thence again along a main road to the Gateway of Scotland at Carlisle, past the famous blacksmith's at Gretna Green, and on through Dumfries to Ayr. Then turn south to Turnberry, only seventeen miles distant, and stop your car on the famous stretch of road which looks uphill or downhill, I forget which, but is actually just the reverse. If you have a passenger, make some money off him: money is always useful on a holiday. And you can make a certainty of it at this particular point.

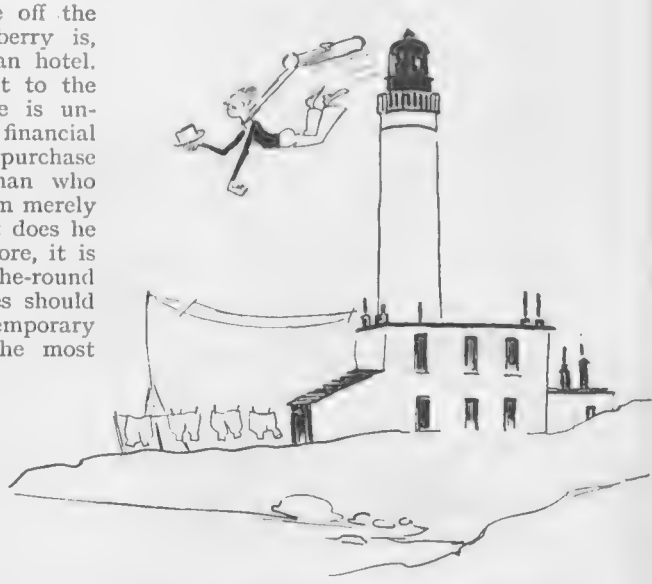
Let us remember that nowadays it is almost necessary to wear flannel trousers to proclaim the fact that you are really a golfer

If, on the other hand, you decide to reach Turnberry by train, nothing is more easy. During the summer months a through sleeping-car is provided by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway (red engines), on the evening trains which leave Euston and St. Pancras. Dinner on the train, a comfortable night, and breakfast in the hotel: what more can comfort require? No waste of a moment of the holiday in which you might be playing golf.

For the reason of Turnberry, of course, is golf: although the odd thing about it all is that a tremendous number of people visit Turnberry who have . . . well, seen a golf-club, perhaps, but certainly never owned one, and harbour no intention whatsoever of ever using one. Let us leave them, however, to their riding and their fishing and their tennis; to their bathing in the Atlantic, or their swimming in the warmed sea-water pool, to their dancing and their food. And even if they remind us of their presence by wearing plus fours of a hue-and-cry design and cut, let us remember that nowadays it is almost necessary to wear flannel trousers to proclaim the fact that you are really a golfer.

Yet Turnberry cannot shake off the influence entirely. Turnberry is, after all, less of a club than an hotel. There is a club, of course, but to the ordinary visitor the club-house is unknown, except for a small financial formality with regard to the purchase of the right to play. The man who goes to Turnberry does so seldom merely for the day; at least one night does he spend in the hotel; and, therefore, it is but natural that his after-the-round ablutions and liquid restoratives should be indulged in actually in his temporary home. Turnberry is really the most complete and perfect country club, in the full sense of that much mis-used appellation that I have ever seen; with just this difference: the membership of this country club is quite unlimited.

I spent a week at Turnberry once, when I was trying to recover from an illness. All day long I played golf, on a different course morning and afternoon, and after tea I swam to my heart's content in the sea-water swimming-pool. In the evening, after a most delightful dinner, I either sat and watched the others dancing, or I retired to a quiet room with one of the many books I had brought with me. I could do what I liked. After I had left, I took the trouble to sit down and write a letter to the management, and say just how much I had enjoyed myself: it seems to me to be such bad manners only to write when smarting under some form of dissatisfaction.



Infra-red treatment of a golfer smilingly throwing himself off the lighthouse after suffering extreme dose of sockets. [*No, dear reader, you are in error. They are golf-bags on the clothes-line*]

The Links at Turnberry

A genuine view of the links at Turnberry, showing the fourth green as taken by the photographer and not depicted by the pencil of our fanciful artist

BUT, of course, all this country club atmosphere does swamp the golf club to a very great extent. You will make friends and acquaintances if you go to Turnberry, and it will be your own fault if you find yourself without a game. But you will not feel, somehow, that you are playing at a club. It is unlikely, if some old buffer holds you back, that your partner will say: "We 'll have to be patient: he 's a member of the committee." It is far more likely that your partner will remark: "Hold hard, old boy. I 'm dining at the old gent's table to-night. Have you happened to notice his daughter? Darned good-looking blonde."

But, providing that the day is fine, you will not resent having your round delayed and perhaps your lunch retarded. For you can feast your eyes instead on the solitary Ailsa Craig to your left, rising abruptly for over a thousand feet out of the ocean; on the steep peaks of Arran to your right where Bruce lived in exile and perhaps planned the exploits which were to make of him almost a legendary character. And if you look inland, you can tell yourself with perfect truth that Robbie Burns knew and loved every inch of the undulating countryside. A very different character in John Knox was also intimately connected with this Ayrshire coast.

NEXT WEEK:

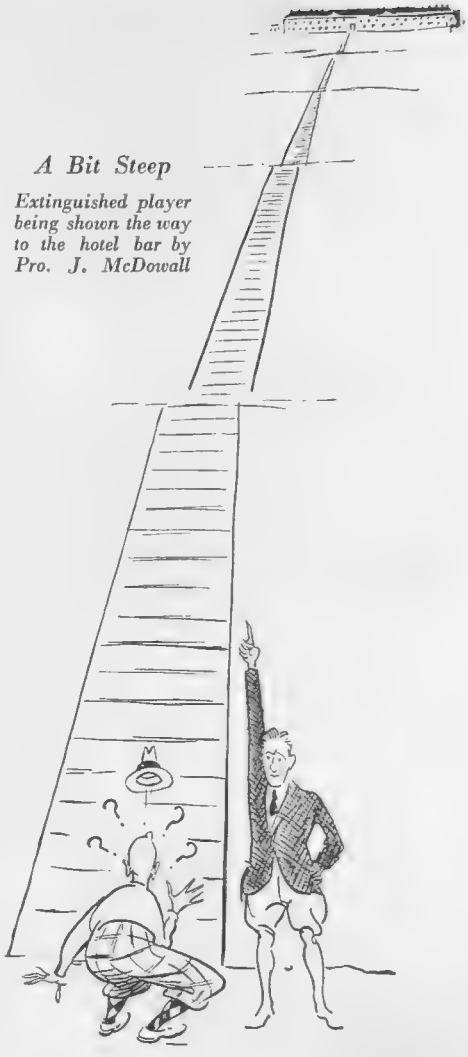
Gerard Fairlie and H. H. Harris will take a bite out of

Sandwich

And it is in such widely different personalities as Bruce, Knox, and Burns that a clue may be found to the golf. Seldom, if ever, have I played over a golf-course which was so cunningly laid out to alter the character of the holes as they are played. You may start with a Burns hole, artistic and pleasant, a drive and a mashie-niblick; you may find a Knox hole to follow it, austere, difficult, perhaps for your second a full low iron shot into the teeth of the prevailing wind; and then a Bruce hole, a death or glory hole, a strong high pitch on to a fast green . . . or perdition. And each and every one is just as much fun to play.

BOTH courses have this attractive characteristic. The Old—or, as I believe it is now named, the Ailsa Course—is not so long as the New (is this called the Arran?), but it loses nothing thereby. It is not exactly difficult golf on a fine day, but it is by no means easy when the wind is playing pranks with half-hit shots. Turnberry provides more than mere holiday golf: both courses are a thorough test for the tiger, they try out the fox, and they deal with the rabbit very adequately without exasperating him. If he should get an attack of shanking . . . well, there is always the lighthouse to jump off on to the rocks below; or, less drastic, the sea in which to cool the fevered mind.

TURNBERRY is, as a club, practically unknown and unnoticed to the visitor: it could scarcely be otherwise, for the hotel, squatting on the cliff above, dominates the scene. But it has its atmosphere all the same, and a very interesting and delightful atmosphere at that. At times rather more formal than that of a club: one dines, and one changes to dine. And Turnberry has that great boon to visitors and residents alike which is so strangely withheld by so many of the Scottish golf club committees—Sunday golf. Neither the courses nor the morals of the residents appear to suffer.



A Bit Steep

Extinguished player being shown the way to the hotel bar by Pro. J. McDowall

You are received as you should be received, for, after all, your presence and the money you spend are helping to keep the whole show going. You feel at once a wonder at such luxury, and then, when you wander down the steps to the golf links, another sort of wonder; for here you find not the pampered grass of the expensive, manufactured course, but the real rugged turf of the self-made seaside links.

Oh, So Bracing!

Showing visitors to Turnberry delighting in the springy turf of the fairways

"With Cobham to Kivu." Two photographs from the Gaumont film of that name which is being shown in the West End at the present time. The school of hippo, taken in Central Africa, is very little disturbed by the seaplane "Valetta" passing about one hundred feet overhead. Inset is Sir Alan Cobham, organiser and pilot of the expedition, in the process of testing the seaplane's lifeboat

"Flight on the Film"

By Capt. C. E. Ward

An Aerial Voyage of Discovery

TRAVEL films are seldom a box-office success in the same manner as comedies, dramas, and the other varied entertainment provided at the "pictures," so that an exception like *With Cobham to Kivu* is all the more noteworthy. This film is a record of a voyage of discovery undertaken by Sir Alan Cobham with the dual object of testing a new machine for the Air Ministry and exploring a route to Lake Kivu, the most remote of its group in Central Africa. Many scenes have never previously been filmed, but its main interest lies in the clever combination of dialogue and picture. Without the commentary, the film would be an excellent series of views from the air, the ground, and the water, showing the familiar as well as the unknown sights of Africa, but the talkie accompaniment makes it live, and we can imagine ourselves on board the "flying fish," from the moment it leaves Alexandria Harbour until it crosses the Mountains of the Moon, to land at sunset in the heart of the Dark Continent. Of special interest to flying people, are the "shots" of the "Valetta" when taking-off and landing. Sir Alan Cobham makes light work of handling this thirteen-ton seaplane on strange waters, and it might be remembered that the voyage so modestly recorded by the film was a feat of some magnitude.

Marine Aircraft from Rochester

THE "Valetta," built by Short Brothers, of Rochester, has proved yet another successful type, of which the "Singapore," the "Calcutta," the "Kent," used by Imperial Airways on the Mediterranean, and most recently, the largest military flying boat in the world, weighing 33 tons fully loaded, are other examples. Short flying-boats and seaplanes have the quality of always looking right, and I cannot remember one that did not fulfil its promise in the air on the first test flight. The big boat mentioned above has six moderately supercharged Rolls-Royce engines as its power unit, giving 6000 horse-power. Performance figures may not be published, but those present at the official trials had no difficulty in estimating its speed and admiring its quick take-off and general handiness in the air. It is a particular triumph of British construction, and the only regret one can have is that Short Brothers were not allowed to build the commercial sister-ship, or perhaps I should say that the latter was axed on the score of economy, instead of the military type from whose tests we shall gain less knowledge of general utility.

Air Services for Scotland

WITH the exception of work by small joy-riding companies, occasional visits by air liners which seem to stray over the Border accidentally, and a few abortive attempts to link Glasgow with London by air, Scotland has been sadly neglected in the matter of flying facilities. This state of affairs now seems likely to be remedied, as two serious attempts are being made at the present time to establish aviation as a going concern. The Scottish Motor Traction Company, a pioneer in road transport, has followed the lead given by Mr. Hillman in the Eastern Counties, by ordering six Fox Moths, which are to be operated as air taxis, or on seasonal air services over a relatively short distance. A new company, of which the Duke of Montrose is Chairman, and Lord Malcolm Douglas Hamilton, General Manager, has bought a Saro Cloud amphibian, which should be an ideal type for a country with excellent harbours and hundreds of square miles of inland water. Experimental flights will be made from Edinburgh and Glasgow to Northern Ireland and the Western Isles. National Aviation Day will be celebrated north of the Tweed at all the important towns, starting from Dumfries on September 7 and ending at Edinburgh on the 30th of that month.

Well-Knowns Gain Pilots' Tickets

OUT of every ten people who learn to fly only one becomes a private owner, but every pilot trained is a possible buyer, and those who are keen help to swell the total of civil flying hours by hiring machines from the clubs and schools, whenever they can afford to do so. From a list of recent "A" licences, the following are a few who have qualified at Heston: Lady Howard de Walden; Viscount Maldon, son of the Earl of Essex; the Marquess of Donegall, Mr. J. T. T. Fletcher, of the Welsh Guards; Mr. H. B. Chantrey, and Miss V. B. Thompson. During the first week-end in August, the Hanworth Club organised a most successful cruise to Ostend. Four privately-owned machines and five belonging to the Club, transported 18 people.

Mr. H. R. Presland, a London business man, with his Moth, during a week-end by caravan near Abingdon. He finds the light aeroplane of great use for keeping in touch with his business, and for transporting members of the party during the holiday season

Equestrian Erin

The Dublin Horse Show

Above: Miss Lennen, with Mr. M. J. Magnier's filly, which won the Perpetual Challenge Cup for the best thoroughbred yearling filly bred and owned in Ireland

Right: Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, Lord Milton's youngest sister, going round the Show on the opening day with Lady Maureen Brabazon, who is the daughter of the Earl of Meath

Two of the Mackintosh Brigade

Above: Viscount Milton and his fiancée, Miss Olive Plunket, photographed in the jumping enclosure. Miss Plunket's father, who until recently was Bishop of Meath, lives in Ireland

Right: Lady Dumfries and her sister, Lady Moira Forbes, who were staying at Castle Forbes, their father, Lord Granard's place, walking round at Ballsbridge with Mr. W. H. Smith

Extreme right: Lady Ainsworth, Sir Thomas Ainsworth's wife, and Mrs. Bagally, who was one of the competitors. Prices and attendance both felt the effects of the present strained political relations with the Irish Free State

Fox Furs and Umbrellas

Béret and Bowler

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

Actors Play Artists at Cricket

The Actors Team (twelve a side), seen above, were Jack Livesey (captain), Kenneth Buckley, Arthur Childs-Clarke, Eric Coxon, Brian Egerton, Bernard Gordon, Frank Gregory, Frank Lawton, Martin Lewis, Roger Maxwell, Owen Nares, and Hugh Wakefield

J. H. Cameron, the Taunton schoolboy who, playing for the Rest against Lord's Schools, took all ten wickets for 49 runs

THE M.C.C. Committee have announced the names of six more men who have been invited to take part in the Australian tour. By the time these notes appear, it is possible that they will have filled the remaining three places in the team. I don't propose to comment upon their selections, but I think it is fair to suggest that all this delay in picking the side is both foolish and unnecessary.

THE truth of the matter is that the cricket selectors take their job much too seriously. I know how important it is that we should put up a good show in Australia, but that is no excuse for wavering and indecision. The M.C.C., you will remember, announced some weeks ago that Jardine, Duleepsinhji, Sutcliffe, Hammond, Ames, and Duckworth had been invited, and then they waited till after the useless Cardiff trial to add Robins, Brown, Allen, Larwood, Voce, and the Nawab of Pataudi to their list. This still left three places open, though there can be no rational reason for such temporising.

Conqueror and Conquered

Jean Borotra (left), who, by playing the game of his life, beat Ellsworth Vines (U.S.A.), and thus helped France to hold the Davis Cup for yet one more year

CAN we imagine the Rugby selectors going about their job in this way, and picking a full-back one week, and the half-backs in the week following, and then the three-quarters and the forwards in separate groups? Certainly we can imagine nothing so fantastic, and yet we calmly accept this sort of behaviour from the M.C.C. Committee.

AS a matter of fact, I happen to have met the selection committee who are advising the M.C.C. They are charming fellows, all of them—but hardly likely to arrive at definite decisions in a hurry. There is Mr. Warner, kindly, urbane, and perpetually perplexed; Mr. Higson, hospitable, shrewd and always worried; Mr. Perrin, bluff, downright and apt to be stubborn. A fussy committee, in short, desperately anxious to be just and to do the right thing, but everlastingly wondering what the right thing can be.

I HAVE watched their deliberations, and have seen Jardine called in to assist, and they might for all the world have been playing a somewhat intricate round game with pencils and slips of paper. Watching their furrowed brows, it was impossible not to feel sorry for them, and yet there was something a little exasperating about their bewilderment. They could have picked the team weeks ago without any bother, but they worried too much about it, and now are unable to see the wood for trees. They would fit perfectly into a Tchekov play, where they might sit round a table in a corner, biting their pencils and supplying a background of persistent melancholy.

on the Hampstead Ground

The Musicians team, seen above: Harold Williams (captain and wicket-keeper), L. Bowker Andrews, Hubert Baker, Patrick Barrow, Topliss Green, Parry Jones, Alan J. Kirby, Robert Lowe, Garry Marsh, Walter O'Donnell, Walter Saull, and Hylton Stewart

As a matter of fact, most selection committees are alike, and I think it is the committee spirit which causes the trouble. I've had the misfortune to sit on selection committees myself, and I know how easy it is to go round and round in circles, balancing this player against that, and cancelling out one virtue after another with a complementary defect. The only solution is a reasonably benevolent autocrat whose opinions are both sound and decided. Unfortunately, cricket, of all games, seems to foster most dissension among the experts.

I'm beginning to wonder, moreover, whether we can ever expect to have cricket intelligently directed by those in authority. The game takes up so much time that intelligent men, who naturally have other interests, are bound to lose touch with it, so that those in control are drawn from the more stupid type of games player. The average amateur who can spare the time for six days cricket a week in modern conditions is a dull dog, and I must confess that it is difficult to understand how a man with any imagination can seriously take part in county cricket at all. There are, indeed, more lunatics at large in cricket pavilions than anywhere outside an asylum, and although they may be amiable and pleasant lunatics, the outlook for the government of the game is hardly bright.

Mea Culpa! I backed America to win the Davis Cup this year, and my tip went wrong. My only consolation is that I erred in good company. But who could have guessed that Jean Borotra could have staged such a great come-back on the eve of his retirement? He didn't want to play, but his country called, and Borotra, playing for his country, is a teaser to tackle, as Ellesworth Vines, who was regarded by most of us as invincible, discovered. Borotra is popular with both players and spectators and plays the game as if he loved it.

In Search of Junior Titles

Moe Aluli (aged 12) and Tommy Ghee (aged 11,) both of Hawaii, getting their muscles supple at Los Angeles, preparatory to figuring in the Olympic Games Pentathlon entry

An Olympic Games Champion

Left: R. M. N. Tisdall (Ireland) who won the 400 metres hurdles championship in the Olympic Games at Los Angeles in the world's record time of 51,4-5 sec.

Holiday tournament lawn tennis is now in full swing and the brows of the executives are furrowed with anxiety over two important matters. The first, and more vital, is whether the week will be a fine one, especially on finals day, for rain then turns a dubious profit into an almost certain loss. The other anxiety is the matter of umpires. Will the competitors who have entered play the game to the extent of saying "Yes" when asked to take the chair? For sheer downright selfishness, commend me to those tournament players who expect always to have someone to umpire for them, but who, when themselves asked, shuffle out of what is a duty by making some futile excuse. And it isn't only some of the owe-forty brigade who adopt this attitude. Some very inferior rabbits, just out of the burrow of their local tennis club, can be equally unobliging

CARS with a Personality

No. 15

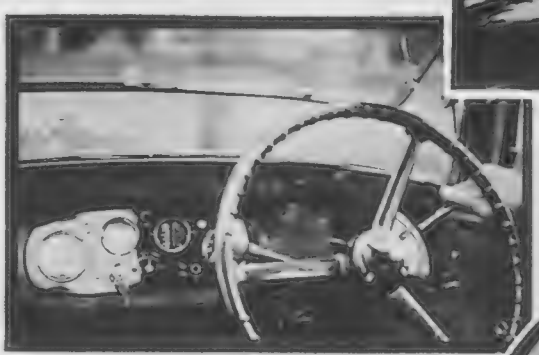
The 16/20 h.p. Daimler

By

The Earl of Cardigan

Although it is small enough to be handy for the owner-driver, the 16-20-h.p. Daimler is a really comfortable and good-looking motor-car

Below: As the driver sees it. The gear lever is visible on the right of the steering column. Any gear may be "pre-selected" on the dial, and is brought into action by simply pressing the gear-changing pedal.



The engine is, of course, of the famous Daimler sleeve-valve type, which is noted for its smooth-running qualities and lacks nothing in liveliness

Of all Daimler cars, the 16-20-h.p. model is probably that best calculated to appeal to the ever-growing class of owner drivers. Its price, considering the high place which the makers have always held in the manufacture of "luxury" vehicles, is comparatively modest, and its size is a very convenient one for all ordinary purposes. Four or five passengers can be carried with exceptional comfort, and without prejudice to the desirable qualities of compactness and handiness in traffic.

There are few amateur drivers, moreover, who will not appreciate the Daimler

The comfort of the back seat is a notable feature. The passenger seen here, although over 6 feet in height, is enjoying a quite exceptional amount of leg-room

system of transmission, which combines an epicyclic (crash-proof) gear-box with the now famous fluid flywheel, or, as I prefer to call it, fluid clutch. With this device, it is possible to drive the car entirely in top gear, if desired, and the lower gears may be used merely when a little extra acceleration is required. The engine cannot be stalled, nor can it be made to "knock," since the fluid clutch automatically slips itself when the engine speed falls below a certain point.

The chief advantages of this transmission system, as applied to ordinary driving, are that, in traffic blocks, the car can be moved a few inches at a time with absolute precision and amazing smoothness. On the open road, gear changes can be made at any speed and under all conditions, with complete certainty and freedom from noise, jerkiness, or the possibility of damage. Since very few drivers can claim to be infallible with the ordinary clutch and gear-box, the result is an increase in actual efficiency as well as in ease and convenience.

As in the case of the Lanchester, however, the good points of this car are by no means limited to its transmission. The 20-h.p. engine, which, of course, is of the sleeve-valve type, is remarkably smooth throughout its entire range. It has a delightful cruising speed around 45 m.p.h., and is capable, with substantial saloon coachwork, of a good 60 m.p.h. Its performance in third gear is well above the average, and I was able to reach 45 m.p.h. in this ratio with surprising rapidity, and without any apparent loss of quietness or ease of running.

I was particularly impressed by the brakes, which are of the Lockheed hydraulic type. I am not much given to superlatives, but I think it only fair to say that I have now driven a great number of cars fitted with this braking system, and that I have never yet had a fault to find with it. The Daimler provides yet one more instance, for I frankly do not know in what way, either as regards power, or smooth, progressive action, its four-wheel brakes could be improved upon.

The special design of the handbrake, and the absence of any conventional gear lever, make the car unusually easy for the driver to enter or leave by the door on his side

The springing of this car is good, as is the steering, although the latter, possibly owing to the fact that it was almost new, seemed to me a trifle on the heavy side. The saloon coachwork is admirably designed, providing real luxury with an exceptional degree of leg-room, so that there is little left undone to satisfy the requirements of even the most discriminating and censorious of owners.

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

AUGUST, 1932

11th to 20th inclusive

11th **Racing.** Kempton Park, Haydock Park and Powerstown.
Olympic Games. Swimming Events, Los Angeles.
Cricket. Somerset v. All India, Weston-Super-Mare.

12th Grouse Shooting begins.
Racing. Windsor.
Yachting. Royal Dorset & Town Regattas, Weymouth.
Fairs. Mitcham Fair, Mitcham, London.

13th **Racing.** Windsor, Redcar and Naas Meetings.
Fairs. Mitcham Fair, Mitcham, London.
Yachting. Royal Dorset & Town Regattas, Weymouth.
Cricket. Surrey v. All India, Oval.

15th **Racing.** Redcar, Wolverhampton and Waterford Meetings.
Cricket. Royal Navy v. Royal Air Force. Surrey v. All India, Oval.

16th **Racing.** Stockton, Wolverhampton and Waterford Meetings.
Motor Racing. La Baule Grand Prix.

17th **Racing.** Stockton, Bath and Waterford Meetings.
Shows. Flower Show, Shrewsbury National Gladioli Society, Southsea.
Cricket. Essex v. Hampshire, Southend-on-Sea. Derbyshire v. All India, Ilkeston.

18th **Racing.** Stockton, Bath and Waterford Meetings.
Athletics. Grasmere Sports, Grasmere Lake District.
Sheep Dog Trials. Rydal Lake District.
Swimming. Jersey S.C. 66th Annual Gala (3rd day), Jersey. Highgate Diving Club International Contest v. France, Jersey.

19th **Racing.** Hurst Park.
Yachting. Brixham Regatta, Brixham.

20th Black Game Shooting begins.
Racing. Hurst Park, Pontefract and Leopardstown Meetings.
Motoring. R.A.C. Tourist Trophy, Belfast.
Yachting. Prince of Wales Cup (Dinghies), Torquay. Felixstowe Regatta and Carnival, Felixstowe.
Athletics. Highland Games, Crieff, Scotland.
Fairs. Marymass Fair, Irvine, Scotland.
Cricket. Leicestershire v. All India, Leicester

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Practice Shooting in Season and out of Season : By Max Baker

THE Kentish Highlands offer peculiar advantages for shooting school practice, and that is no doubt why the firm of Evans, when squeezed out of the Harrow district, migrated south-east. To Blackheath Common is a conventional run out of town; after that, fine open roads and a new arterial highway bring one to a spot that may well be described as potted essence of shooting. Since nine routes from as many districts have been listed to aid the motorist, the geography lesson may be omitted. Of much greater interest is the densely-wooded bluff which rises from flatness below to an equally level plain above—in a word, a hanging wood.

Sites for clay bird traps have been cunningly chosen at a series of levels, the centrepiece a majestic iron tower rising amidst the trees to supply really high birds under conditions that recall Shropshire, Wales, and some of the coombs of the Wiltshire area. Targets released therefrom do not fly across bare sky like a wood-pigeon, but are topping trees that afford a clue to height and range, hence the generous forward allowance that is demanded. The eye is also helped by the solid background which is usually associated with high birds.

AN entirely different style of shot is to be had from the uplands, where a tangled spinny provides medium height birds to guns standing out on arable land. In addition, a woodland track in the style of a ride supplies a variety of those lightning chances where the sky gap just suffices for seeing and getting on to the bird before it passes behind the opposite screen.

A view of Mr. William Evans's shooting ground at Bexley, which is only half-an-hour's run from Charing Cross by train or car, showing guns practising. Instructors are available if required

To attempt a list of the shots, that need mastering, and are here provided, would be unnecessary, since every sportsman knows them well and needs only to run through the programme to freshen the latent power. Between wondering whether you will be all right, and knowing you are, lies a very wide gap. To resolve these doubts is really what shooting schools are for, and why we owe a debt of gratitude to the gun-makers who venture their capital in the creation of these splendid training-grounds. At such a time as this, maximum credit is due to the firm of Evans for so worthily replacing what has elsewhere been submerged by a flood of suburban dwellings.

A DAY'S shooting at the very best yields some half-dozen shots which really tickle the fancy, and can be pictured ever after. That is, if you get them. Nearly every shot is easy when taken the right way. The right way is a matter in the first place of knowing and in the second of repetition, till instinct takes charge. A shooting ground, such as the one under notice, supplies the knowledge and lays on the final polish of unstudied ease.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

SOME WAYS WITH MUSHROOMS

Eggs and Mushrooms

PEEL and wash 1 lb. of mushrooms, put them into a stewpan with a tablespoonful of butter, and cook gently, adding a little salt and pepper and a few drops of lemon juice. Cook for ten minutes, then add a cupful of stock, or, failing that, a little meat essence dissolved in boiling water; thicken with flour, and let it come to the boil: pour into a hot dish immediately. Have six poached or fried eggs ready, and serve these on top of the mushrooms. Pour the sauce round and serve.

Mushrooms au Gratin

SKIN, wash, drain, and wipe dry some fresh mushrooms. Cut the stems to within a quarter of an inch, and then proceed to mix a forcemeat made of 1 oz. of very finely chopped bacon, a tiny piece of onion, a little chopped parsley and thyme, and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer this for five minutes in butter and add the yolk of an egg. Put this into the mushrooms, and place them in a baking-dish, with some butter on them and some white breadcrumbs on the top of each. Bake in a moderate oven, and serve piled on a hot dish with some thick brown gravy round.

Kidneys with Mushrooms

SKIN and slice thinly four sheep's kidneys, and season with salt and pepper. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a frying-pan, and fry in it a small finely-minced onion, then put in the kidneys. Stir them quickly and sprinkle over a dessertspoonful of flour. When slightly browned, add about six small mushrooms and a little stock. Cook for another five minutes and serve with snippets of toast.

Macaroni and Mushrooms

BOIL about ½ lb. macaroni for twenty minutes and then drain it. Slice and cook some mushrooms and two tomatoes in butter, stir in a little flour, and add a large cupful of milk. When it is thick enough, put a layer of macaroni in a fireproof dish, with plenty of grated cheese, the mushrooms, tomatoes and the sauce, more macaroni and mushrooms till all is used. Sprinkle some breadcrumbs, grated cheese, and small pieces of butter on top, and bake a golden brown.

My Confessions: By "Eddie" Tatham (*continued from page 253*)

lights of their Casinos creating an impression of fairyland. Then Dover, the "Venice of the North," with the Channel stretching before us. Someone said Nelson, another Trafalgar, and we thought of England.

We all arrived at Calais with headaches. Soon Paris, with its smoking factory chimneys and flame-belching furnaces, was behind us, and when next we woke, we were in the South Seas. Oh! those Sun-seducing days, those Moon-making nights! By day we chased rainbows, and by night caught crabs, the sand for our bed, cocoa-nuts for our pillows, and bananas for remembrance. We might have stayed for ever, but after a week were deported by a missionary for teaching the natives to inhale Ginger Ale.

ONCE again in London, we were soon back at our old Madcap tricks. Sometimes we would place Bombs under Generals; another time we would decorate statues with crockery. Once, without stopping to think, we made Marmalade in Trafalgar Square.

IT was after that mad Carnival, the Private View of the Academy, that I began to wonder if it was all worth while. With splitting headaches from this all-day orgy, we had gone back to my luxurious flat. Some Men about Town were sewing; a Stockbroker was playing with his Yo-Yo in one corner of the room, whilst a well-known Actress and a Cabinet Minister read their poems to us and a Peer poured out Tea.

Going to the Wine Cellar, I saw the emptiness of it all, and looking in my larder, realised its rottenness. I felt I must have air, so went out into the night. Striding down Bond Street and gulping in the perfumed air, I was stopped by a lady with a French accent who said, "Hullo, Dearie; Gandhi is watching." This beautiful message made me feel that I, too, had a message, and I hope that this laying bare of my soul may be a comfort to children with restless Parents; perhaps even a help to Mr. Hoover, and a token to those people in the outposts of our Empire that the Old Country is thinking of them.

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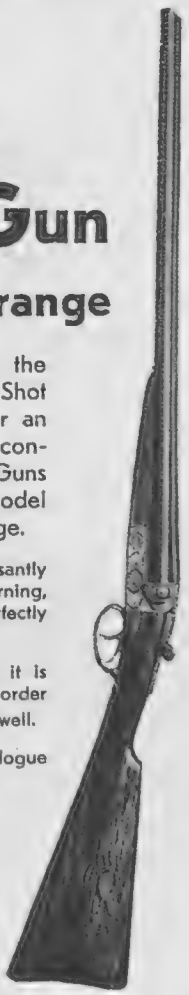

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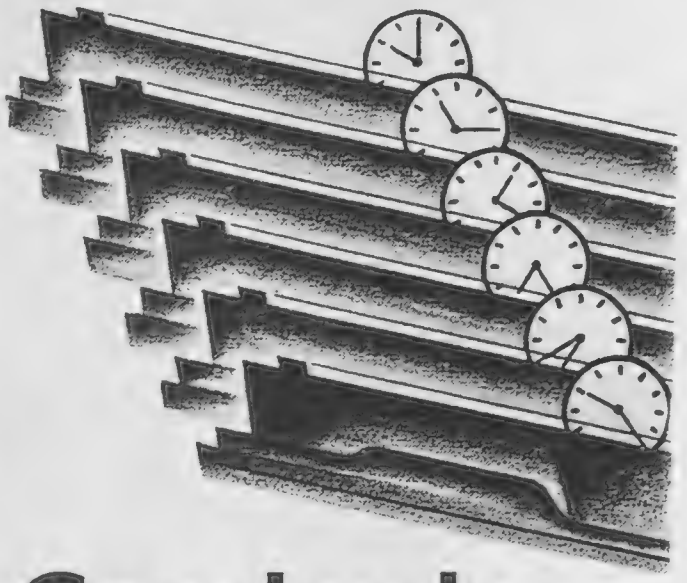

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11.15	"The Queen of Scots" Pullman. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee.	†10.25	"The Night Scotsman." Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth.
11.50 P.M.	Edinburgh, Glasgow.	†10.35	Edinburgh, Glasgow. (North Berwick. First-class only and on Friday nights only.)
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Pot-Hunting: By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE has been a great deal of dissatisfaction this year, both at small agricultural shows and members' and sanction dog shows, over the number of people who bring either first-class jumpers to the small local shows and carry off the prizes, or very well-known winning dogs to the members' shows and do likewise.

Not so long ago (at Olympia, to be exact), there were shouts of laughter when a certain competitor had a horse which refused at the first jump. This was entirely because this individual makes a practice of visiting small shows and carrying (or trying to carry) off all the prizes from the small local farmers. When this competitor is not successful, there is quite an exhibition of temper.

Mr. N. Eric Wallis's Irish Water spaniel retrieving a 2½ lb. fish No landing-net is required, and small trout can be returned unhurt to the water

IT is the lowest form of competition, this pot-hunting, and it ought to be prevented. It is disgraceful to take a champion to a small sanction show and filch all the prizes from smaller competitors. It adds not a jot or tittle of glory to the dog itself, and it causes ill-feeling amongst the smaller exhibitors and breeders, and, incidentally, makes the owner of the champion dog thoroughly disliked. It is an awful shame when exhibitors can't keep both dog and horse showing in the realm of sport, for once it becomes a business, there is no further fun in it, and it is so terribly disheartening to small breeders.

However much the judge may dislike giving the champion dog the first prize, he cannot, with integrity, do otherwise.

I say nothing about people taking winning dogs and horses round the country to all the big shows, for there I feel that the best should always win. At a championship show, the entry fees are higher, therefore you are not poaching on the poorer man's territory, and I do not believe that, within limits, there is any reason against the same champion winning continually, if he is only doing so at the big shows.

IT is not generally known what absolute power the judge has when in the ring. Any complaint he makes will be investigated by the K.C., and the offender may be disqualified from showing again. Of course, any complaint against a judge, if substantiated, would also be considered by the K.C.

Not long ago, a certain lady was presented with nothing more exciting than the Reserve card by the judge at a show. Having more temper than manners, she tore it into small pieces and threw it on the ground. The judge turned to her and said politely: "Madam, you may do what you like outside the ring, but here I am master. Pick up those pieces." Her face flaming with rage, the female did so, and walked to the edge of the ring, where she dropped the pieces just inside.

"Madam," said the judge in her ear, "you are still inside the ring. Pick up those pieces." And she had to do so.

I must say that she deserved everything she got, for bad manners are unpardonable.

"Here he is!"

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

Action!

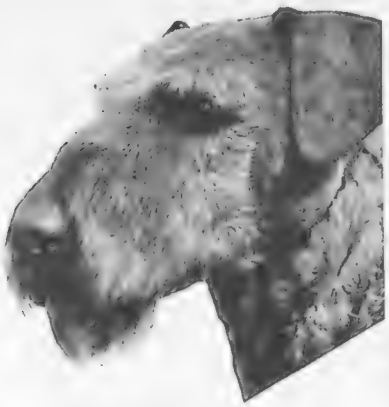
A fine photograph, taken at Harringay, showing four hurdlers in action during a trial. Greyhounds never tire of racing week after week in search of the elusive hare

TO the average man of the street, the history of greyhound racing is a very short matter of a bare six years. Indeed, if this important personage were asked when greyhound racing started, and he had a fair knowledge of his subject, he would tell you that the first meeting in this country was held in July, 1926, at the Belle Vue track in Manchester. He would, in point of fact, be exactly fifty years, and approximately a hundred and eighty-five miles wrong.

GREYHOUND racing was first tried out in a field near the Welsh Harp, at Hendon which air-minded people will know is near London—so far back as September, 1876. The course was nearly a quarter of a mile long, and was straight; the hare disappeared behind a screen, and was worked by a windlass. In most other respects, in comparison with those obtaining at the present day, the methods used then were all in keeping with this contrivance. The sport failed to attract any considerable following and it died out, principally for two important reasons. In the first place, the fact that the track was straight, made it a certainty that the fastest dog was always bound to win, bar heart-failure, any track sense or intelligence on the part of the dog having no part in the race at all. In the second place, owing to the lack of transport facilities in those days, there existed as a direct consequence a very great difficulty in the congregation of big crowds.

FOR a long period, then, greyhound racing seems to have been non-existent throughout the world, until, in fact, 1920, when greyhound racing with an electric hare was introduced into America, where it met with instantaneous success. There followed a great boom there, and it was not unnatural that it should spread to England. Mr. C. A. Munn was actually the first man to introduce the electric hare into this country. However, developments were naturally gradual, and it was not until 1926 that the first track was opened here (at Belle Vue, Manchester), and actually it was not until 1927 that there was any controlling body for the sport. The Racing Committee of the Greyhound Racing Association, consisting of Lord Chesham, the Earl of Westmorland and Captain H. E. de Trafford, then formulated a set of rules for operation on greyhound racing tracks. It was not, however, until 1928 that the National Greyhound Racing Club was formed. This body, as all the world now knows, controls all the licensed greyhound tracks in Great Britain, of which there are a considerable number. But it is with General Critchley and Mr. Munn that the chief credit for the venture lies. They have been ably supported by Mr. Francis Gentle, Colonel A. D. Cameron, and in the House of Commons, Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, all of whom are directors of the Greyhound Racing Association.

THE man in the street does not forget to be grateful, in spite of the fleeting character of fame. It is in this gratitude, as well as their own interest and keenness, that these gentlemen find their reward.



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"The Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(11th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1932

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(8th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1932

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 15th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 15th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BRITANNIA AND EVE Foursomes final during 1931 or 1932, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, be put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists.*

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both Foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme of the change.*

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

Entrance Form is on page 275.

The GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (1932)

(ORGANISED BY "THE BYSTANDER")

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th, and 16th. No Qualifiying Round.

Open to all girls of any nationality who will be under nineteen years of age on September 13th, 1932.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Thursday, September 1st, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below, and will be repeated in the August number.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th and 16th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 15th by players beaten in the first, second and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court who remains in the championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Mothers and chaperones of competitors playing in the championship will be eligible to compete in competitions for handicap prizes presented by THE BYSTANDER, to be played at Stoke Poges on September 14th and 15th. Conditions will be posted at Stoke Poges on September 13th.

Competitors may practise free of charge on Monday, September 12th.

ACCOMMODATION

Accommodation may be had for competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 18s. per day. Apply to the Manager, Stoke Court.

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 15s. per day, or 12s. without lunch. Apply to the Manager, Baylis House.

ROYAL HOTEL, SLOUGH (Trust House). Terms from 16s. per day, inclusive of all meals.

STOKE POGES CLUB HOUSE. Terms 18s. per day. Apply immediately — accommodation very limited—to the Secretary, Stoke Poges Club, Slough.

Early application is recommended to all of these.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

.....*of which I am a member.*

Results of the July Monthly Medal Competition

For the thirty best net scores, relative to the par of the course played on, returned in each L.G.U. handicap division during the summer months. Fifteen spoons in the winter. Full particulars will be sent on application to this paper.

Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "The Bystander" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely:—18 and under in the Silver division. 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score of Course	Strokes above or below S. S.
Miss W. Lewis	Halesowen	79	15	64	74	10 below
Miss K. Barnes	Wearside	82	16	66	76	10 "
Miss Eve Berts	Exmouth	79	16	63	71	8 "
Miss V. Elliot	Tynesido	80	13	67	75	8 "
Mrs. Saul	Carlisle and Silloth	82	15	67	75	8 "
Miss F. M. Gaertner	Cavendish	84	18	66	74	8 "
Mrs. D. V. Sampson	Cheadle	75	14	61	68	7 "
Mrs. Capon	Prenton	83	15	68	75	7 "
Mrs. S. W. Hedges	Grims Dyke	78	9	69	76	7 "
Mrs S. A. Crowdy	Chislehurst	77	13	64	71	7 "
Miss M. Carter	Bexhill	80	14	66	72	6 "
Miss E. Staffurth	Bowdon	79	8	71	77	6 "
Mrs. E. Astley-Smith	Fairhaven	84	15	69	75	6 "
Mrs. C. A. Nelson	Gosforth Park	84	14	70	76	6 "
Miss F. M. Davies	Rowlands Castle	81	14	67	73	6 "
Mrs. C. L. Townsend	Tees-side	81	15	66	72	6 "
Mrs. A. F. Benson	Walmer and Kingsdown	82	14	68	74	6 "
Mrs. Waddington	West Bradford	81	16	65	71	6 "
Mrs. C. W. Miller Potts	Wearside	78	8	70	76	6 "
Mrs. Foster	Long Ashton	80	18	68	74	6 "
Mrs. E. Foster	Long Ashton	84	16	68	74	6 "
Mrs. Dearle	North Oxford	82	17	65	71	6 "
Miss M. A. Carter	Royal Winchester	82	15	67	73	6 "
Mrs. E. G. Humphreys	Chislehurst	78	12	66	71	5 "
Miss Margery A. Raworth	St. George's Hill	80	9	71	76	5 "
Miss D. Stenhouse	Dunfermline	73	4	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Anne Sharp	Stoneham	84	14	70	75	5 "
Mrs. D. Palmer	Shirley Park	90	18	72	77	5 "
Miss D. Cadman	Arbroath	86	17	69	74	5 "
Miss B. Monkman	Fulneck	84	17	67	72	5 "

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Miss D. Vance	Ealing	94	36	58	73	15 below
Mrs. A. Walton	Wanstead	97	36	61	75	14 "
Mrs. W. Brabbin	Bolton Old Links	93	32	61	75	14 "
Mrs. M. Broateh	Ringway	90	30	60	74	14 "
Mrs. L. Parkinson	Derby	94	36	58	72	14 "
Mrs. C. W. Brooks	Long Ashton	97	36	61	74	13 "
Mrs. John Bratby	Hale	86	27	59	72	13 "
Mrs. L. C. Fletcher	Prenton	88	26	62	75	13 "
Mrs. Hatton	Chorlton-cum-Hardy	95	33	62	75	13 "
Mrs. M. Booth	Ilkley	99	36	63	76	13 "
Mrs. Hayes	Leamington	96	36	60	72	12 "
Miss Nancy Jenkins	Royal Blackheath	98	36	62	74	12 "
Mrs. Y. Ward	Shirley Park	92	27	65	77	12 "
Miss D. Jackson	Brand Hall	94	34	60	72	12 "
Miss E. M. Renton	Harrogate	92	30	62	74	12 "
Mrs. P. W. Pearson	Moseley	91	28	63	75	12 "
Miss Ann Williams	Kingston Hill	94	36	58	70	12 "
Miss Nora Loch	Chislehurst	93	36	60	71	11 "
Miss Joyce Fogg	Fairhaven	99	36	66	77	11 "
Miss M. Mitton	Hindley Hall	93	33	60	71	11 "
Mrs. A. Cook	Ilford	95	32	63	74	11 "
Mrs. H. Chilton	Dudley	90	27	63	74	11 "
Mrs. Kelly	Wyke Green	96	30	66	77	11 "
Miss Ruth Gorseman	Grimsby	101	36	65	75	10 "
Mrs. J. H. Moon	Wednesbury	97	36	61	71	10 "
Mrs. Rose Booth	Glossop and District	91	33	58	68	10 "
Miss Elsie Bateman	Swinton Park	98	31	67	77	10 "
Mrs. J. Wilson	Bramall Park	97	33	64	74	10 "
Miss Madge Beattie	Gatley	94	34	60	70	10 "
Miss M. L. Coups	Macclesfield	88	24	64	74	10 "

"THE BYSTANDER" Club COMPETITION

Result of the July Monthly Club Competition

Club	Membership.	No. of Cards	Percentage.	Club	Membership.	No. of Cards	Percentage.
Thonock	80	75	93.75	Chislehurst	119	5	4.20
Langholm	68	52	76.47	Halesowen	50	2	4.08
Nuneaton	66	33	50.00	Cheadle	80	3	3.75
Tamworth	70	32	45.71	Oakdale	112	4	3.56
Cowes	58	3	5.17	Ashton-on-Mersey	61	2	3.28
Macclesfield	63	3	4.74	Pannal	188	6	3.18

Position of the Leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club	Percentage	Club	Percentage
Langholm	78.63	Nuneaton	15.71
Thonock	61.43	La Moye	3.69
Tamworth	61.22	Ryde	2.45
Cowes	18.63	Kingsthorpe	2.29

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

"THE BYSTANDER" congratulates the following players on holing in one:—

Mrs. R. Miller — 7th at Cummins Cup
Mrs. C. Herbert Smith — 2nd at Brighton and Hove
Mrs. A. D. March — 14th at Chigwell
Mrs. M. Day — 6th at Lincoln
Mrs. C. Hutchinson — 5th at Bombay Presidency Golf Club
Mrs. J. N. Kerr — 5th at Bombay Presidency Golf Club

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

"The Bystander" Girls' Open Championship, Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th, and 16th.

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 1st.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address.....

.....

Date and year of birth.....*Club, if any*.....

Telephone No......

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick-headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It 's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

"Betty, my darling! Do you know the up-to-datest kind of perm? Utterly luxurious! No electricity is used, and it's done by steaming, not baking. You will see it very soon in all the best hairdressers..."

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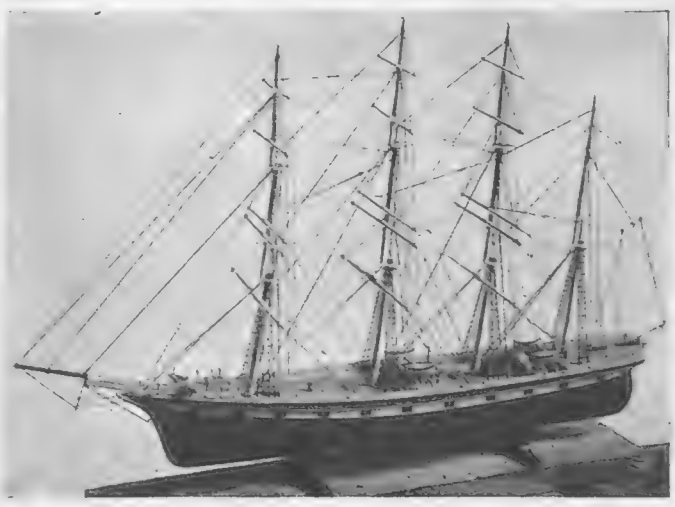
MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern) 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
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The Editor's Box

A Spa and its Golf Course

Bad Ems, one of the most beautiful of Rhineland spas, has much to offer to its visitors, besides its cure, which, incidentally, is a very pleasant one. The town lies in the centre of the undulating wine-growing country, within a short distance from both the Rhine and the Moselle, and expeditions can be made to the vineyards whence come the famous German wines, which can be bought here at reasonable prices. The feature of this year's season, however, is the German Open Golf Championship, which is being played on the Ems golf course on the 13th and 14th of this month. Prominent golfers from all over Europe are taking part, and first-class golf will certainly be seen in what is one of the most interesting European golf events. The golf course itself is one of the best in Germany; it lies 1000 feet above sea-level, on rising ground above the spa, stretching over more than six kilometres, and its popularity with visitors vies with that of the cure itself as a reason for visiting Bad Ems.

A view of one of the beautifully placed greens on the golf course at Bad Ems, where the German Open Golf Championship is being played

Aachen

Another German spa of historical as well as international repute, is Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), the value of whose sulphur springs was well known to gouty and rheumatic Romans. The town, where modern European history had its birth at the time of Charlemagne, is a storehouse of beautiful old buildings and art treasures. The hotels, however, are perfectly up-to-date and luxurious, and the spa establishment itself is quite new. Theatres and concerts are excellent during the season; there is a good golf-course, tennis courts, of course, and clay-pigeon shooting for the energetic, and, finally, the Ardennes and Eifel Mountains, not far away, make a happy hunting-ground for the explorer on foot or by car.

The Spring of Elise at Aachen, one of the sources of the sulphur-laden water of this famous spa

Plane Anatomy

A fascinating and ingenious booklet has been issued by Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd, called "The Modern Aeroplane," illustrating the general principles of the present-day light aeroplane. It contains five pages of illustrations, showing the engine, the cockpit, and the full-length machine in flying position. Hinged flaps lift up to reveal interior mysteries, so that all essential parts of the engine and construction can be studied, and brief, carefully detailed notes explain everything that a pilot or passenger wants to know. The book, which does not replace the usual instruction books, but should be used in conjunction with these, can be obtained from the Publicity Department of Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd., Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"REGENERATION OF THE SKIN." THE DISCOVERY OF A GERMAN SCIENTIST AND SURGEON, INCORPORATED IN TINY TABLETS, REJUVENATES THE SKIN AND INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM.

I MAKE no apology for returning to a subject I dealt with in these columns on July 20. My reason for doing so is that the number of enquiries which have been received in this connection make it clear that there is a demand for fuller particulars, and that people want to know, specifically, how and where they can get the tablets which regenerate and rejuvenate the skin.

For the information of those who did not see the previous article, I must explain, briefly, that this preparation is made according to the formula of Dr. J. F. Kapp, of Leipzig University, and is the result of fifteen years of experiment and experience.

Twenty years ago Dr. Kapp was practising cosmetic surgery. He is the author of "Premature Aging," which covers the question of hormones and the youth or age of bodily tissues. He has devoted his time and energies to the study of that branch of medical science which chiefly concerns the well-being and youthfulness of the skin.

His great discovery, a serum which actually revitalises and builds up the

epithelial cells which underlie the outer skin, having been incorporated with certain other regenerative ingredients, and subjected to practical tests by doctors of many European countries, has been placed on the market under the name W.5 Brand Tablets.

I attempted, within the short space at my disposal, to explain the action of the tablets on the subcutaneous cells, and how the skin is literally re-built from within. It is a fascinating subject and, to most of us—with the modern zest for life and resentment against the degeneration of energy as well as appearance caused by the advance of age—an exciting one!

WHILE we are young, the efficient blood supply renews every worn-out and fatigued skin cell, and the complexion remains unlined, fair and fresh, but the process of renewal slows down and the cells shrink and atrophy, as a result of age, fatigue, and illness.

W.5 Brand Tablets act directly on the sub-cutaneous circulation and the epithelial cells, which become active again and increase in number. The process of renewal and rejuvenation is set in motion, sagging and wrinkles disappear and the skin becomes fine and youthful in texture and colouring. There is also a parallel increase of energy and sense of well-being. This preparation is certainly an almost revolutionary contribution to the science of cosmetics and dermatology.

But those readers really interested would do better to study for themselves the interesting booklet issued (free of charge) by the Gelty Distributing Company (158-162, Oxford Street, W.1), who are responsible for introducing the W.5 Brand Tablets to this country. This miniature treatise, while giving the scientific explanation of the action of the tablets and graphic illustrations thereof, is easily comprehensible by the lay public. It also contains a number of reports from doctors on the results obtained from the prescription of the tablets to patients of all ages.

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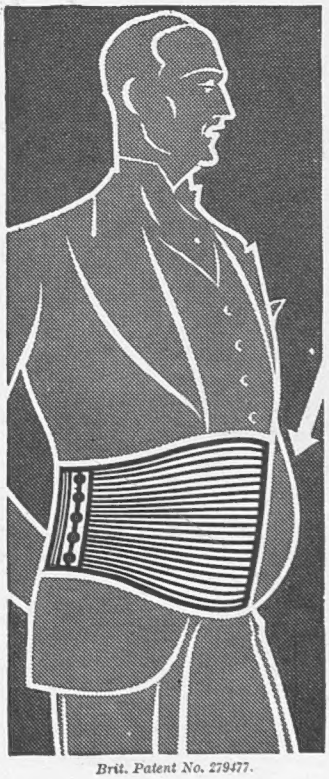
Do not let your Middle Age



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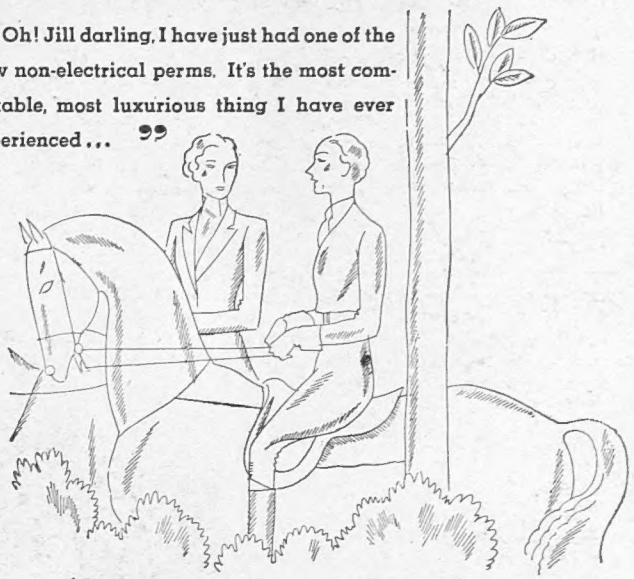

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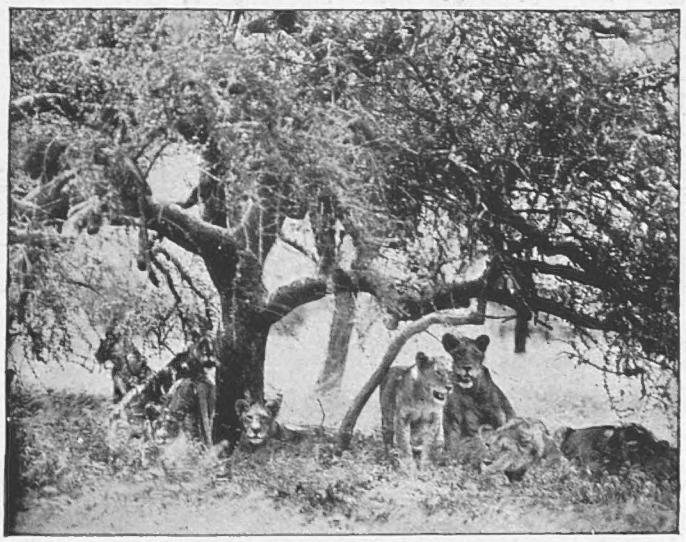

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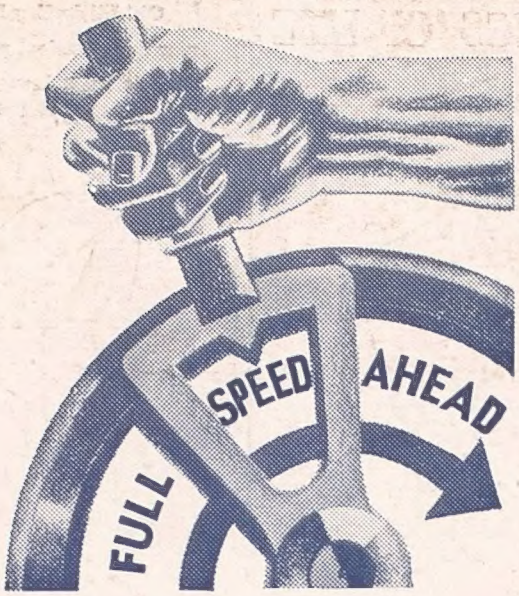

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